

1910



# The Morning Watch.

EDITED BY  
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.  
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK: JAMES McKELVIE & SONS LTD.  
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.  
LONDON: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 57 & 59 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

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*Edited by the Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

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Volume 23.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

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January, 1910.

One Halfpenny

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIII.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. I.



*"I fear me there's a Storm brewing."*

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH"  
for 1909, Vol. XXII. Price, One Shilling.

—:o:—

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1910,

*And yet there is room.—Luke 14, 22.*

*Kai eti topos esti,*

*(Kai eti topos esti)*

*(And yet room is.)*

LADY ST. HELIER, one of the leaders of Society in London and one of the best known peeresses in England, says, in her *Memories of Fifty Years*, that she and her husband were dining one night some years ago with Lady Cowper, when four men came who were not expected. Lady Cowper bore the arrival of three with great equanimity, but when the fourth was announced, she said, "I have room for three extra guests but no more, so you must go to the side-table."

No doubt their coming would cause a few minutes' trouble and inconvenience to the hostess and her servants. The table and the guests would have to be re-arranged. But it is a pitiable story, and one that reflects so little honour on her class that one wonders why Lady St. Helier has told it. If there is one mark of breeding that "our old nobility" have always claimed as

peculiarly their own, it is their calmness in emergencies, their self-control, their concealment of emotion, their im-per-tur-ba-bil-i-ty! That is what Tennyson has styled

The repose

Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

One imagines that most women who should find themselves in Lady Cowper's plight, even if they felt annoyance, would conceal it. Certainly the ordinary well-doing working-man's wife would only have enjoyed the difficulty. "We're glad to see you!" "The more the merrier!" "We're in great luck to-night." How her guests, without waiting for her bidding, would crush together to make room for the newcomers! And if need were, she would find it no trial to go to her neighbour and say, "Friend, lend me four spoons!" And she would give her as many as she needed.

"And we will make us merry as we may;  
Our store is little, but our hearts are great."

One can often judge how the master and mistress of a house will receive one by the kind of welcome one gets from the servant at the door. "Like mistress, like maid." One may safely do that with the Master of the feast of Whom we read in Luke. "And the servant said, Lord, it is done as Thou hast commanded, and yet there is room." God wants His house to be FILLED. There is a place at His table for every one of you. It will vex Him, it will break His heart, if you stay away. This New-Year's morning He bids you once more. "Come: for all things are now ready."

## Concerning Birthdays.

*So teach us to number our days, that we may get us an heart of wisdom.—Psalm 90, 12.*

*(Continued from Volume 22, page 135.)*

This year, as last, if all is well, I purpose telling you some things that have been said or done by people on their birthdays, or said or done by others on their behalf.

14th  
Birth-  
day.

Dr. Hort of Cambridge, a great New Testament scholar, wrote thus to one of his boys, May 19, 1883 :

“It is an old custom to reckon out the years of life by 7’s, and now you have come to the end of your second 7 (the three-score and ten having only ten 7’s in all !), and can rest on the milestone, as it were, and look back to the end of the first 7, and forward to the end of the next 7—not, I hope, without many thoughts of what has been, what is, and what might be.”

It was said of Dr. Hort that he would put aside the most engrossing work to answer a question of one of his children. Once he was really angry when he heard one of them put off with “Papa is busy now ; don’t disturb him.” “Pray, never say that again. I am never too busy for my children to come to me.”

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-1894, the American poet, got a diary when he was fourteen years old, his mother making a book for him by folding and stitching some foolscap paper. He could not think of anything to write in the diary, his life on the farm seemed so uneventful to him. His mother suggested that he should write of some striking event in the past that had come under his observation. The only great event he could think of was a storm that had carried off the roof of his Aunt Ruth’s house six years before. He wrote an account of that, and never afterwards made an entry in this or in any other diary.

Some young people reach their full height early in their ’teens, while others do not stop growing till they are past twenty. As with the body, so with the mind. There are some whose powers develop very slowly. To Whittier’s mental and spiritual backwardness the precocity shown in the next extract forms a strange contrast.

When Henry Alford, 1810-1871, afterwards Dean of Canterbury, best known by his edition of the Greek New Testament, reached his 14th birthday, he wrote thus to his cousin Fanny, who afterwards became his wife :

“October 7, 1824.—What a different sensation the mention of the 7th October produces in me now from what it did formerly ! I think now upon the possible troubles and temptations which I must

14th  
Birth-  
day.

necessarily be exposed to, and tremble at the prospect of them. I think on the many snares which necessarily await me in the gaieties and frivolous pleasures of youth, and I fear I shall never be able to withstand them. I look on the vices and failures I have discovered in myself and which others have mentioned to me in my character, and think that the nearer approach of manhood can but confirm these in me and stifle what little seeds of virtue it has pleased God to implant in me. My two greatest failings—among, as you know, many thousand others—are idleness and inconstancy. When I undertake a thing I set about it eagerly, and I have no doubt if I continued it all the way through, should not make a bad job of it; but my ardour is like a storm, it soon abates and leaves behind a sort of lethargy.”

WHEN Admiral Sir Robert Calder was reading to Captain (afterwards Sir Philip) Durham of the *Defiance* a copy of the despatch he had sent home concerning his fight with the French Fleet in 1805, and came to the words—“Fortune brought me in sight of the enemy”—Captain Durham in great astonishment said, “Fortune, sir? I thought it was the signal from the *Defiance*.” The Admiral paused, and said, “Well, if I had thought it would have been a feather in your cap, I would have mentioned it.” “I think, sir,” was the answer, “that bringing the fleet in sight of an enemy is a plumage is the cap of any officer.”

Seven years before, that great honour fell on his fourteenth birthday to George Elliot, younger son of Lord Minto, great-grandfather of the present Viceroy of India. He was the midshipman who had charge of the signals on board the *Goliath*, and was sweeping the horizon with his glass from his perch on the royal yard, when he discovered the French fleet for which Nelson had been hunting up and down the Mediterranean for weeks, lying at anchor in Aboukir Bay. The *Zealous*, another British man-o-war, “was so close to us”—I give the story in the boy’s own words—“that had I hailed the deck, they must have heard me. I therefore slid down by the back-stay and reported what I had seen. We, that is the *Goliath*, instantly made the signal, but the under toggle of the upper flag at the main” (the toggle, or toggel is a little wooden pin tapering towards both ends with a groove for a cord to go in round the middle) “came off in breaking the stop,” (that means, that in their eagerness to unfurl the signal flags they gave the cord too sudden a jerk and broke it), “and the lower flag came down; but the compass signal was clear at the peak. Before we could recover our flag, the *Zealous* made the signal for the enemy’s fleet, whether from seeing our compass signal or not I never heard, but we lost the credit of first signalling the enemy.”

The *Goliath*, however, scored the next point in that great game. “It was certain,” to use the words of Professor Laughton in his *Nelson and His Companions in Arms*, “that the answer from Nelson’s flagship would be the signal to form line-ahead, and the ship quickest to see and obey the signal would get the lead. Elliot

14th  
Birth-  
day.

himself, watching the *Vanguard* with eager eyes, saw the tiny black dots of the expected signal under the flagship's foresail as they left the deck, and before they reached the royal yard to slew over it or the stop was broken or the signal flags flew clear, the *Goliath* acted on the as yet unread message of those little arrested black specks. The staysails and studdingsails were all ready to be run up, the men were tailing on to the ropes; and in a moment, before the flags of the *Vanguard* signal flew open, the *Goliath* from truck to deck was clothed with every inch of canvas she could spread. The ship glided ahead of the *Zealous*, to the great annoyance of that ship's captain, and won the perilous pride of place."

Later on, that same day, that little fellow found out by watching some buoys that it was possible for the British fleet to get between the French fleet and the shore, a discovery which played a great part in the winning of the Battle of the Nile.

Perhaps some of you who read this may be the means this very year, by God's grace, of discovering where Satan's seat is and where his hosts are lying in wait, and of directing some one how to fight and overcome him. And if some other body gets the credit, never mind, provided Christ gets the victory.

*But go thou thy way till the end be for thou shalt rest, and shalt stand in thy lot, at the end of the days.—Dan. 12, 13.*

## The Last Hip.

"O WHAT a surprise you gave me!" said a Snowdrop whose tiny green spear had but newly burst through the black earth into the dim light of a December day. "That scarlet coat of yours made me think you were the rising sun."

"Alas! if I'm like anything, it is not the rising but the setting sun, for my day is done. There were seven of us, Wild Roses, at the end of June. I am all that remains of the last of the seven, and I have lived in vain. The rest of them all did something, though in different ways. But I have come to nought."

"Don't say that," said the Snowdrop. "It is hard to say what God may make of thee yet. But you might tell me about the others."

There were seven of you, I think you said?"

No. 1.

"Yes; and the very day we all came out, something shook the Bush, I don't know what, and the leaves of the one that I think looked the prettiest fell to the ground, and a man wrote a poem about it. I only know the two first lines:

'Tis something to have beautified the  
world

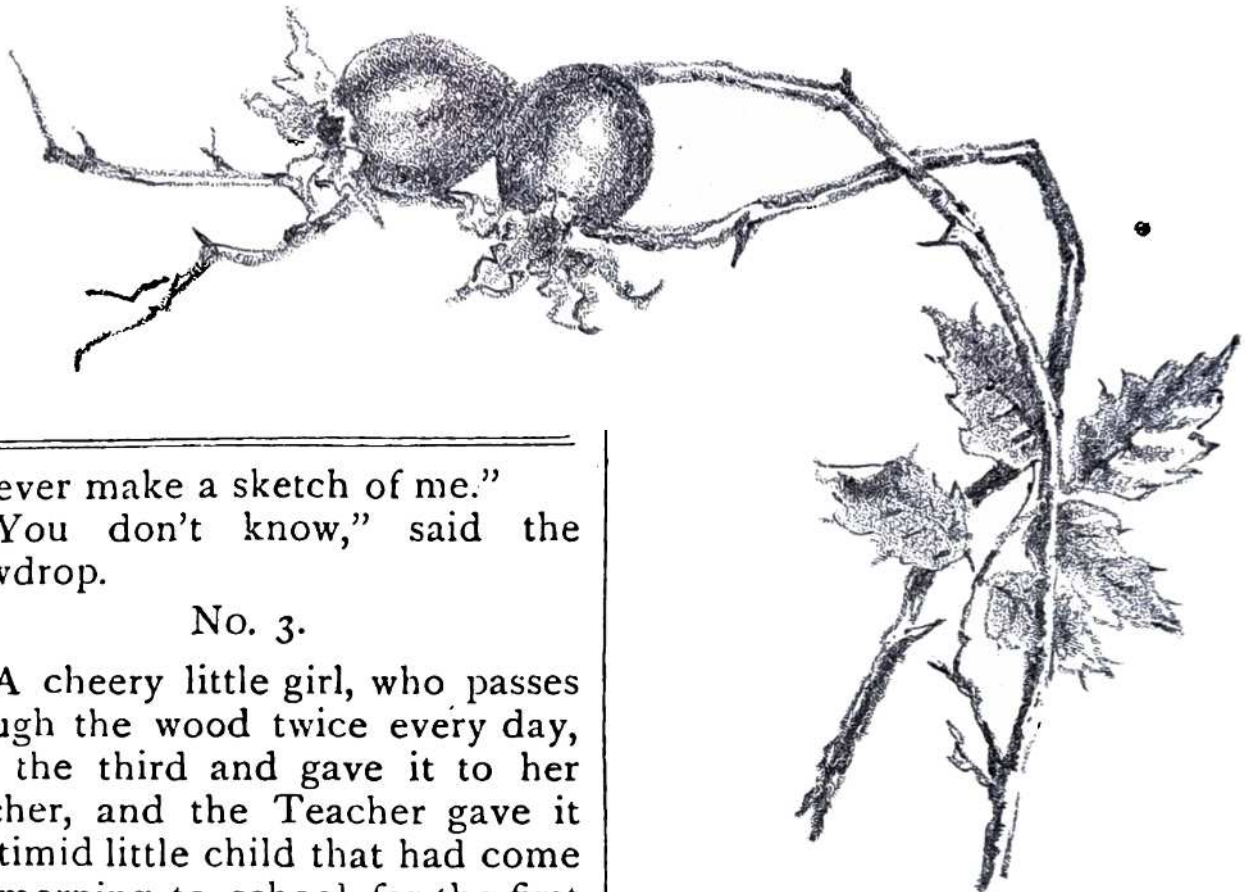
For even one hour.'

But no one will ever write about me."

"You don't know," said the Snowdrop; "but even if no one does, just remember these same two lines."

No. 2.

"An artist plucked the second, and made such a lovely water-colour sketch of it that one could scarcely have told which was the original and which the copy. But no one




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will ever make a sketch of me."

"You don't know," said the Snowdrop.

No. 3.

"A cheery little girl, who passes through the wood twice every day, took the third and gave it to her Teacher, and the Teacher gave it to a timid little child that had come that morning to school for the first time, and the child became happy at once. But no child was ever made happy by me."

"You don't know," said the Snowdrop.

No. 4.

"It was an old woman who took the fourth. She was on her way home from church, and was so uplifted over the minister's sermon—his text had been the first verse of the 20th Psalm,

'Jehovah hear thee in the day  
When trouble He doth send'—

that she put the Rose opposite the verse, and now her Bible always opens at that place. But no one will ever put me in a book."

"You don't know," said the Snowdrop. "They tell me there are many ways in which one may be put into a book."

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No. 5.

"There were only three of us left now, and after a time a curious change came over us. Our leaves disappeared, and then in their place there came two lovely Scarlet Berries and myself."

"You mean three lovely Berries," said the Snowdrop. "And what came over the other two?"

"A little child pulled one of them as a birthday gift for its Mother. And she keeps it in a pretty little china cup, more than a hundred years old, and shows it to her visitors. But no one will ever be asked to look at me."

"You don't know," said the Snowdrop. "But what came over the sixth?"

## No. 6.

"A bird ate it during the hard frost we had five weeks ago. You remember it?"

"No," said the Snowdrop, "I must have slept through it all."

"Ah, well! but at anyrate it lasted two weeks, and the birds could get no food, and one morning my companion fell to the ground, and a bird, that was so cold and weak that it could hardly move, saw it and ate it and was revived, and I heard it say to another bird that, if it was spared, it would sing in memory of that Berry when Springtime comes; but no one will ever remember me."

"You don't know," said the Snowdrop. "I think you must see yourself that

'God fulfils Himself in many ways,' and I can't believe that His plans are only six. I'm sure He has seven—ay, and if need be, seventy times seven—in His mind. I'm only a poor Snowdrop, hardly worth minding, but you've done *me* good, and that's something to me, and something to you too, I feel sure. And *I* have a story to tell *you* now.

"Nine months ago I felt my time had come, and I was going into the land of deep forgetfulness, but it was sleep, not death, that overtook me. And now I am going to rise again, and bloom again."

"And do you mean to say," said the Hip, "that perhaps I too may rise again and become a Rose Bush and be a mother of Roses?"

"I don't know for that; I am only a Snowdrop and don't know how Roses grow, but if you will take

my advice, just lie down quietly and rest, and thou shalt stand in thy lot, whatever it may be, at the end of the days. God will awaken you, if it be His will, at the right time, and when you awake you will be satisfied."

—107—

*If we ask anything according to His will,  
He heareth us.—1 John 5, 14.*

IN a book published a few weeks ago, *Lord Kelvin's Early Home*, the late Mrs. King, Lord Kelvin's sister and the wife of the Rev. Dr. David King, a United Presbyterian minister well known in his day, tells an experience she had when a child on her first visit to Glasgow. Her mother's cousin, an elderly lady, took her and her sister Anna to a toy shop, and bade them choose what they liked. The shop was in the *Candleriggs*, a name that seemed so strange to her that she never forgot the wonder she felt on first hearing it. The two girls surveyed with bewilderment the ravishing beauty of the multifarious toys that surrounded them. But at last, she says, "my affection went out to a curtained bed containing two minute dolls sweetly sleeping in each other's arms. I positively fell in love with the small plaything, and declared my choice without hesitation. My grief, and I fear my indignation, knew no bounds when I was called a silly child for choosing such a foolish useless thing and I was not allowed to have it, but a leather handbag was given me instead, which I have no doubt cost ten times as much as the object which

charmed me. But it had no value in my eyes, and I felt no gratitude to the giver, only a sense of disappointment and wrong at having lost something that delighted me. I was called naughty as well as foolish, and an intended kindness was turned into a lasting pain. Anna got a little box of sweets nestling amongst pink cotton wool, with a picture of St. Paul's Cathedral on the lid, and she was happy and contented, and her goodness was contrasted with my badness till I became as wretched as a little child could be; and by the time we were taken back to our mother we were both crying, and my poor little face was all swollen and disfigured with utter misery, and I felt myself a wretched sinner though I did not know exactly what I had done that was wrong. But our mother was a wise and gentle comforter to her little girls."

You have heard, perhaps, of such a thing as a boy buying a football or a cricket-bat as a birthday gift for his little sister, well knowing she would not use it. He was spending his money on himself under pretence of love for her. Many young people, judging God to be like themselves, think He acts like that boy, or that, like Mrs. King's friend, He takes no account of what *we* like. They imagine that when He bids us ask and we shall receive, and then refuses to give us what we ask on the ground that it would not be for His glory, He is acting unfairly, selfishly, untruthfully. But it is not so. He knows our frame. He remembers that we are dust, and that there are things He can give

us now that it will not be even in His power to give us hereafter. Every thing that is good as well for the body as for the soul, for week-days as well as for Sabbath days, for this world as well as for the next, He will give us with all His heart if He can possibly do it. He likes to see a child playing merrily as well as praying earnestly. There is a time for the one as certainly as for the other. We have His oath for it that He will give us, in the most genuine and literal sense, everything that is good. How could it be otherwise? Has He not loved us with all His heart and soul and strength and mind from all eternity, and given up Himself, and all He has, for us? He is assuredly a God That hates to say "no." His glory means our glory. His will is good will.



### "Someday."

THERE is a story of a sea-sick French officer, a passenger in a British ship, who thought that "by-and-by" was a kind of pudding which the steward promised but never brought.

I was reminded somehow of this the other day by what a friend told me about a little boy, two years and ten months old. It was no use, she said, to tell him so long ahead that any one was coming on a visit in a week or so, because he got annoyed if the expected one did not at once mount the stair. He knows the names of the days of the week, and she has been teaching him to string them together in order. But



*" Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Someday."*

she has found that he believes there is an Eighth Day, "Someday" by name. It is not a confusion with any other day, but the result of his having been constantly told, like us all, that such and such a thing would occur some day, and so it is as much one of the days as Monday or Tuesday to him.

"Someday" unhappily bulks large in all our Calendars. It has many other names. Felix, the Governor whom Paul entreated to turn from his evil ways, called it the "convenient season," which, as Illingworth says, "he also hoped might never come." In Spain—it is a very common word there—they call it "Manana"—that is, to-morrow—and to-morrow, we all know, is the day that never arrives. Do you remember what Mr. Barrie says about Maimie and Tony in his *Little White Bird*? Maimie was one of the kind who like to fix a day for doing things, but Tony was not that kind, and when she asked him which day he was to remain behind in the Gardens after the gates were locked, he merely replied, "Just some day." He was quite vague about which day except when she asked, "Will it be to-day?" and then he could always say for certain *it would not be to-day*. "So she saw he was waiting for a real good chance."

"Look in my face; my name is  
Might-have-been;  
I am also called No-more, Too late,  
Farewell."

One of God's names for it is *The Day of Provocation*.

2. It is also the day of needless fears. The Psalmist David called it Oneday, when he said in his heart, "I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul." Paul calls it Things-to-come; we call it The Unknown, The Unforeseen, The Possible, The Tolerably Certain, The Future, The Impossible-to-stand-it-any-more. And the people who are always dreading it may be called, to borrow a description used by Mark Twain in another connexion, "the Supposers, the Perhapsers, the Must Be-ers, the Without-a-Shadow-of-Doubt-ers, the We-are-Warranted-in-Believing-ers, and all that crop of solemn architects who take a foundation of a few unimportant facts or fancies, and build upon them a conjectural edifice thirty miles high." Our Saviour calls them, "O ye of little faith!"

But 3. "Someday" is also the day of undeserved and unexpected and unimaginable mercy. It is the day of glad surprise, when God does exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. The Bible calls it a Good Day, an High Day, a Day known to the Lord, a Day of the Son of Man, a Day of His espousals and of the gladness of His heart. And it comes on the Eighth day, counting from this day last week, and the day after, and the day after that, and so on; every Eighth day *and forward*, as Ezekiel says, Chapter 43, 27; that is, it comes To-day, and To-morrow, and the Third day—each day, even all the days, till time shall be no more: and then it will be For-ever-and-for-ever.



### Reasons for not going to Church. 12th Series.—No. 1.

*This woman is not going to Church any more, because, when a son of one of the elders was promoted to be Captain of a Cunard Liner, and a son of another of the elders came out Third Wrangler at Cambridge, both in one week, the two things were mentioned in the Congregation's Monthly Magazine amongst the news items; but when her son got a "Highly Commended" for one of his Canaries at the local Bird Show, "not one syllable was said about it in the Magazine, OH NO!"*

1	S	VOW, AND PAY UNTO THE LORD YOUR GOD.— <i>Ps. 76, 11.</i> “I turn to what many will do to-day; meditate; think with regret of all the things left undone that ought to have been done; of words said that ought not to have been uttered; of vile thoughts that stained the mind; and resolve, with God’s help, to be better, nobler, purer.”— <i>Sir H. M. Stanley’s Diary, 1 Jan., 1869.</i>
2	S	O Lord, truly I am Thy servant.— <i>Ps. 116, 16.</i>
3	M	Ye shall be holy; for I am holy.— <i>1 Pet. 3, 16, R. V.</i>
4	TU	Sanctify yourselves. I am the Lord which sanctify you.— <i>Lev. 20, 7, 9.</i>
5	W	Our sufficiency is from God.— <i>2 Cor. 3, 5, R. V.</i> “July 13, 1887. I ought, I can, I will. ‘I can,’ because I ought, for God never lays an impossible duty upon us; and then ‘I will,’ because I ought and can.”— <i>Bishop Bickersteth’s Diary, on the text</i> —Stretch forth thine hand.
6	TH	I can do all things through Christ.— <i>Phil. 4, 13.</i>
7	F	I will run the way of Thy Commandments.— <i>Ps. 119, 32.</i>
8	S	He established my goings.— <i>Ps. 40, 2.</i>
9	S	Great is the Lord; His greatness is unsearchable.— <i>Ps. 145, 3.</i>
10	M	Great Zidon, <i>Josh. 11, 8</i> ; Hamath the great, <i>Amos 6, 2</i> ; Is not this great Babylon? <i>Dan. 4, 30.</i> “What London wishes, London will have.”— <i>Lord Rothschild.</i>
11	TU	And the Lord came down to see the city.— <i>Gen. 11, 5.</i>
12	W	Thou saidst, I will be like the Most High.— <i>Is. 14, 14.</i>
13	TH	The Lord will do His pleasure on Babylon.— <i>Is. 48, 14.</i>
14	F	For Mine Own sake, for Mine Own sake, will I do it;
15	S	And I will not give My glory unto another.— <i>v. 11.</i>
16	S	The rulers take counsel together against the Lord.— <i>Ps. 2, 2.</i> “The world is ruled by sovereigns and statesmen.”— <i>Lord Beaconsfield.</i>
17	M	There is another King, one Jesus.— <i>Acts 17, 7.</i>
18	TU	Jesus Christ: He is Lord of all.— <i>Acts 10, 36.</i>
19	W	I have set My King upon My holy hill of Zion.— <i>Ps. 2, 6.</i>
20	TH	The government shall be upon His shoulder.— <i>Is. 9, 6.</i>
21	F	I am God, and there is none else; My counsel shall stand.— <i>Is. 46, 9.</i>
22	S	Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him.— <i>Ps. 72, 11.</i>
23	S	Many were gathered together praying.— <i>Acts 12, 12.</i>
24	M	The rulers were gathered together against the Lord.— <i>Acts 4, 26.</i>
25	TU	His eyes were as a flame of fire.— <i>Rev. 1, 14.</i>
26	W	The eyes of the Lord run to and fro.— <i>2 Chron. 16, 9.</i>
27	TH	Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee.— <i>Ps. 139, 12.</i>
28	F	He perceived their craftiness.— <i>Luke 20, 23.</i> “Politicians are used to flutter most on that place which is furthest from their eggs.”— <i>Thomas Fuller.</i>
29	S	Alleluia: for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.— <i>Rev. 19, 6.</i>
30	S	Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah. “Dean Burgon said that <i>Gen. 5, 22</i> , clearly signified that Enoch was a much better man after that darling little Methuselah was born to him.”— <i>E. A. Freeman’s Letters.</i>
31	M	Many shall rejoice at his birth.— <i>Luke 1, 14.</i>

February, 1910.

One Halfpenny

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIII.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 2.



Britain's "First Line of Defence."

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH" for 1909, Vol. XXII. Price, One Shilling.

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*Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.*

*Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., and XXI., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

*Greenock: James M'Keivie & Sons, Ltd.*

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*London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

*Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers.—  
Isaiah 62, 6. R.V.*

ONE Saturday night, about ninety years ago, when the London Coach that brought the mails to Haddington was late, the Rev. Mr. Chalmers of that town sent out his little maid four times, I think, to see if the newspapers had not yet come. Mr. Chalmers—no relation to Dr. Chalmers—was one of the old Seceder ministers, and father-in-law of Dr. M'Crie who wrote the Life of John Knox. When there was still no word of the Coach, and the old minister was anxiously pacing to and fro, one of his daughters said, "I declare, father, a body would think you couldn't preach to-morrow unless you got your newspaper."

"My woman," he replied, "I could preach well enough without it, but I canna pray." So the little maid herself told me in her old age.

These are solemn days through which we are now passing, and you must pray about them, and keep praying, or, as Isaiah puts it, "take no rest, and give God no rest."

When word came in the year 499

B.C. to Darius King of Persia—not the Darius of whom Daniel speaks, but the one of whom we read in Ezra, Haggai, and Zechariah, the man whom the Greeks defeated in the great fight at Marathon—I say, when word came to him that the city of Sardis near Ephesus had been burnt by the Athenians and Ionians, he cried out in his rage, "The Athenians! who are they?" And then he took his bow and shot an arrow high into the air, calling on his god to grant to him to be revenged on them. Then he appointed a servant to say to him three times every day as he sat at dinner, "Sire, remember the Athenians."

It does not matter how short your prayers may be; only let every sentence, as was said of the prayers of Bruce the Covenanter, "be like a strong bolt shot up to heaven."

Ask God to forgive first of all your own sins, then ask Him to forgive the nation's sins—and these are very great. Ask Him to bless our land and make it a blessing to all other lands. Remind Him how many good men and women Britain has sent to the ends of the earth to proclaim the story of His love and to serve Him by brave deeds, and by discoveries, and in honourable merchandise and traffickings. Remind Him how much He has done for us in the past, and how happy the doing of it made Him. But remind Him, above all, of the Oath He gave to Christ, before time was, when He asked Him to die for us, and promised Him all nations for His inheritance.

## Concerning Birthdays.

*So teach us to number our days, that we may get us an heart of wisdom.—Psalm 90, 12.*

*(Continued from page 5.)*

14th  
Birth-  
day.

"March 12, 1848. To-morrow will be my beloved child's birthday. We are far apart, but you will know that my heart is full of you, and how I shall pray for every good gift to be granted you by your Heavenly Father. You will now be 14 years old, and make the change from childhood to boyhood. I can desire nothing better for you than that, following the example of Jesus, you may set yourself resolutely to your Father's business."—*Maria Hare to A. J. C. Hare.*

Lady Blomfield, for six years one of Queen Victoria's Maids of Honour, gives in her "Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life" a letter which she got from her mother, Lady Ravensworth: "April 13, 1837. This day you enter into your 15th year, and cannot any longer be considered as a child. . . . Listen to me, therefore, my darling, and try to amend the failings of which I complain. You frequently show impatience if there is any difficulty to surmount; and not to me, but to Mademoiselle, show a spirit of contention and contradiction which is as unkind as it is disrespectful. It may be that she is irritable and even unjust at times; but she is still your governess and ought to be treated with respect. Fancy yourself in her situation—far from your country, your friends and relatives, and bad health to contend with; then think what she must suffer, and think also that the bitter cup which might be sweetened by kindness, gentleness, and forbearance on your part, is only rendered more bitter by your cold and cutting indifference, and the evident dislike you show to her society. . . . You are now fast approaching that period of life when you will be called upon to take upon yourself the regulation of your conduct, and I am most anxious that you should for the next two years exert yourself in every way, and most of all in the government of your temper."

15th

On March 27, 1834, the late Duke of Cambridge wrote in his Diary: "Had no time to write yesterday as it was my (15th) birthday. Made up my mind to behave very well during the next year." A few days afterwards he records his height and weight, 5 feet 3 inches, and 7 stone 3 lbs. That is a good thing for young people to do.

If Queen Victoria had died young the Duke would have ascended the throne, and it is interesting, therefore, to find him writing in his sixteenth year, on the occasion of what he calls King William's "sham," or official birthday, "What a disagreeable thing it must be to be a King! May I never be one."

On his 15th birthday Dean Alford sent an address in poetry to his father, who replied warning him, very wisely, against "indulging in poets' dreams" and "giving way to a gloomy state of mind." And

16th  
Birth-  
day.

this reminds one of the distressful state of mind into which the father of Frederick the Great fell when he found his son in his 15th year a piper and a poet, with his long hair combed back like a cockatoo's!

"At sixteen," says Lord Beaconsfield, "everyone believes he is the most peculiar man who ever lived."

"At sixteen we should be men." So said R. L. Stevenson to his school-mate, Mr. Baildon, when they were rambling together one Saturday, and talking of their futures.

John Ridley, 1806-1887, the man who invented the "Stripper," a reaping machine used in South Australia in the early days of its history, and made no money by his invention by refusing to patent it, wrote this to his son, from Newcastle, May 1, 1855: "I was very glad the day you were born, your first birthday. But I have been still more glad on every return of it. I congratulate you and myself equally on the safe arrival of your 16th birthday, and hope that nothing will prevent your seeing the past period five times over. I should like to speak of things only bright and cheerful on this happy day. It is better to be born with a tendency to look on the bright side of things than to an estate of £1,000 a year, as I have heard it said."

In the letter which Prince Bismarck wrote in 1846, when he was thirty-one, to Herr von Puttkamer, asking permission to marry his daughter, he states, in giving an account of his earlier life, that he sat down at the Lord's Table for the first time on his 16th birthday. He did so, he says, after a course of religious teaching irregularly attended and not comprehended; he had no belief other than a bare deism, that is, a belief that there was a God. He had been in the habit of praying every night since he had been a child, but this custom he gave up in his 17th year. He felt at that time as if he were "but a casual product of creation, coming and going like dust from chariot wheels." But God strove with him. The voice of conscience, his studies, the emptiness and satiety that followed inevitably from his mode of life, the resolute consecutive study of the Scriptures, his introduction through a friend to a happy godly family, and then his mother's death, and last of all the mortal illness of a comrade, "brought him near the real meaning of life and eternity, and tore an earnest prayer from his heart." "God did not hear my prayer on that occasion," he adds, "but neither did He reject it, for I have never again lost the capacity of bringing my requests to Him." He concludes by saying that he now wrote relying on God's grace. "The only security I offer for the welfare of your daughter lies in my prayer for God's blessing."

I hope many who read this will be sitting at the Lord's Table long before they are sixteen, but you must make sure before you do so that you not only believe there is a God, but that you humbly trust you can say of Him that He is your God and Father, and that His Son is your Redeemer, and that the Holy Ghost is your Guide and Comforter and Friend.



---

*The shepherd to himself would say,  
"The winds are now devising work for me!"  
And truly, at all times, the storm that drives  
The traveller to a shelter summoned him  
Up to the mountains: he had been alone  
Amid the heart of many thousand mists  
That came to him and left him in the heights.*

*—Wordsworth's "Michael."*

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### A Shepherd's Life.

A FEW weeks ago I had a talk with an elderly shepherd, now resting from his calling, but still abounding in good deeds. His eye, his voice, his step—I wish I could reproduce them to you—all made me feel how fittingly the two words “Gentle Shepherd” go together.

The sky had the leaden look that tells of coming snow, and we fell a-talking about storms.

“I once found three sheep,” he said, “that had been in a snow wreath sixteen days. I was probing here and there in the likely places with a long ten-foot pole, and came on them that way. One of them was dead; the others had trampled on it. I carried the living ones into a small field close by. They weren’t good at walking at first, but they soon came round all right. I left them to feed themselves, and one of them nursed a lamb the April after. That was an unusual storm. The wind was so fierce that a herd was lifted off his feet and carried as he guessed about 30 yards, so he said, and his leg was broken about the knee. He never herded any more, but he is in his grave now. We lost more than twenty sheep that year. Every place was filled up with snow, then the burn was dammed, and the sheep were smothered and drowned, all in one night’s time. In a time like that a shepherd can’t do much at night, for he can’t see.

“In a storm sheep are driven before the blast. In moderate fine weather they face the wind, but

they go further after it when it comes from the east; they are fonder of that wind than of any other. There must be something very bracing and refreshing about it.”

“That explains,” I remarked, “what Job says about the wild ass snuffing up the east wind,” whereupon the shepherd gave me a look that made me wonder at the time how he could be ignorant of such a well known verse as that, but a look, at the same time, that haunted me, and made me turn up my Concordance, ten days afterwards, to make sure that I had not misquoted a passage familiar to me from my boyhood. And then I saw the meaning of that look! Jeremiah speaks in two places, chs. 2, 24, and 14, 6, about wild asses snuffing up the wind, and Hosea describes Ephraim as following after the east wind, and Habakkuk says the faces of the Chaldeans shall sup up as the east wind, or, as the Revisers put it, “are set eagerly as the east wind.” But though Job speaks several times about wild asses, it is not they, but wise men about whom the question is asked, “Should he fill his belly with the east wind?” I must verify my references more frequently, I see, specially when I talk with shepherds!

“They would be pleased when you dug them out. Were they very grateful?”

“Na, na. You can’t tell whether a sheep’s grateful or no. It says nothing, and makes no sign.”

“But do the sheep not come running to welcome the shepherd

every day when they see him coming?"

"Na, na. When they see you, they begin to move away. They don't like to be disturbed. None that are reared on the hill will come to you of their own accord. If they are fond of you, it is guess work, for there's no speech. A pet lamb, one that had been brought up in the house, might fondle you for a little. Pet lambs go through a lot of manoeuvres, but they are very mischievous."

"Does a shepherd know many of his sheep?"

"Some shepherds know faces much better than others. But few of them would know more than the half, and some wouldn't know the tenth part of them."

"You might tell me how you used to spend your day, say in summer."

"We ettled to get up about 4 o'clock as a rule."

"And then took breakfast?"

"Na, na. The first thing I did I went to the top of the hill. There was a glen with a range of hills from 700 to 1600 ft high on both sides of it, and I had the one side of one of these hills to look after. The sheep would be near the top of the hill in the morning."

"What would they be doing all night?"

"Lying resting. They eat nothing through the night, till the back end of the year, when the nights are long, and then they rise for an hour or two for a little refreshment."

"When I got to the top of the hill, I would go along the ridge till

I got a complete view of our ground, and saw that there were no stragglers. Then home for breakfast about 8 or 8.30, and rest for a couple of hours. If all was right, of course one got quicker on."

"Did you get your meals regularly, as a rule?"

"Na, na. I might be on the hills all day. But if things were all right, I would come home, and start about ten to go round a second time, this time taking the centre of the ground. The sheep would now be in the bottom at the foot of the hills, and one hadn't so far to go."

"I would start on my third round about two or three. The sheep begin to go up the hill then, and the shepherd goes up the bottom and stirs them up, and then they scatter themselves. If all was right I would get home about 6 or 7, and would be done with them for the day."

"Then did you count them once or twice, or how often, every day?"

"Na, na. We often gave a rough guess, but we counted them *pointedly* only twice a year when they were clipped in June or July, and again when they were "keiled," that is when they get their winter mark in November. Besides this winter mark of brown or red which you can see at a glance, every man has his own private mark for his sheep, generally two nips in the near or left lug, cut out with an iron like the things they mark railway tickets with. They used to brand them on the face with a hot iron long ago."

"You said you got home early, 'if everything was right.' What might be wrong?"

"We might have to examine one of the hefts, for example, to see that there were no maggots in any of the sheep. There is a fly that lays its eggs in the wool, then a maggot grows in the skin, and in warm close weather the sheep might die in a few days. If we find a maggot we have a solution that we put on, and we rub the place and the maggot falls out.

"We had to see, too, that none of the sheep were coupit, or lying on their backs. Days and even weeks might pass without a case of this, for much depends on the nature of the ground. Steep hill sides are not so bad, neither is marshy ground, but on level ground, specially when it fairs after rain and there's a blink of sun, sheep are very kittle to coup. They lean over to rub themselves, and fall. They enjoy lying on their backs for a little, but they soon begin to swell, and they can't get up. Death comes in an hour or two, but I knew of a herd on the Water of Ken, who, on his way to church one Sabbath, saw a sheep coup, and he took off his boots to cross a burn to lift it, and when he got to the place it was dead."

"You said something about a heft. What's that?"

"The 700 or 800 sheep that a shepherd has care of are made up of four or five or more companies, and each of these is called a heft. Hefts differ in size, just like Presbyteries — some big, some little. Three score is a small heft, nine score would be a big one. And each heft keeps by itself, though they belong to one flock.

They mix with their neighbours at the bottom during the day, but as they go up the hill, if the night's good, they each go, as the Bible says of the disciples, 'to their own company.' And the hefts all know the boundaries beyond which they must not go."

"And how is that?"

"The sheep are born on the place, and every year some of the lambs are drafted away and sold, and some of the old mothers, five or six years old, are sent away to the low country to be fed on the turnips for the market, but others of the younger ewes are kept, and their young ones take the place of those that are sent away. So there is always a generation that knows the place, and they teach the younger ones; but if one brought a lot of young sheep from Falkirk, the shepherd would have to herd them very closely for a time, till they learn the walk. But once they learn it, you will see a whole herd moved, and not one of them will pass the boundary line, even where there is no fence."

These and many other things—stories of the clipping time, and the fights of the black faced horned rams, how two of them would go back 30 yards, and then run at each other head on—I wish I could repeat exactly as he told me.

But here is an exercise your fathers or mothers might give you some Sabbath evening: In what ways is a man better than a sheep, and in what ways is he worse? and why is it that Jesus Christ calls Himself The Good Shepherd?

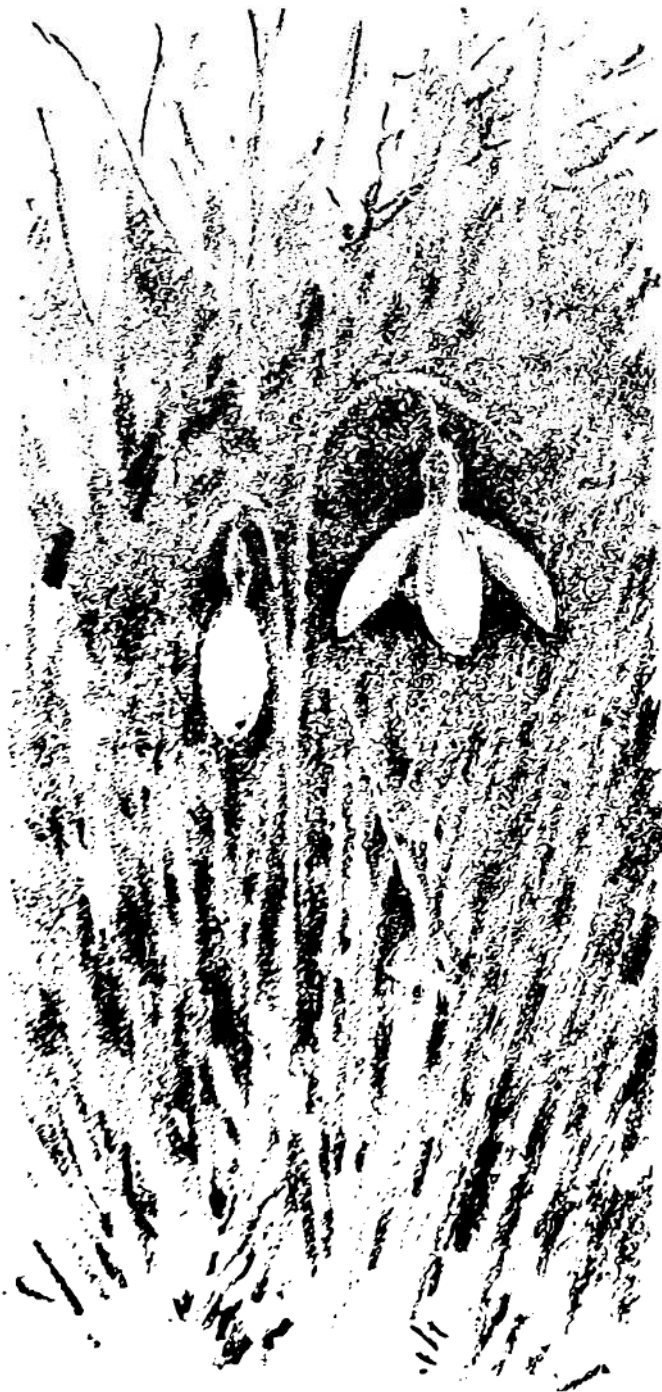
## "Spring's A-Coming."

*I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will look forth to see what He will speak with me.—Habakkuk 2, 1. R.V.*

### CHAPTER I.

OUR young minister, as he told us long afterwards, was in a doleful mood one Tuesday morning. It was the last week of January, and

he had been putting away in a drawer a manuscript, "declined regretfully with thanks," that he had sent to one of the great Reviews eight weeks before. He had had a good deal of late to try him. To begin with, his own health had not been good. His ablest elder had been stricken with paralysis in the prime of life. His youngest deacon, the church treasurer, who had been the life and soul of every enterprise, had accepted an appointment in Shanghai. Four of his finest young women—and two of them were altos—had been married and had all gone from the village, and the parents of two of them, he was told, were going away to be near them at the coming May. And to crown all, three young men with their wives, and seven children amongst them, who filled the front seats in the centre of the church, had made up their minds to go to Canada. One way and another, that would be eight-and-twenty people gone, in less than six months. And the night before, his greatest college friend had written to tell him of the happy Communion time he had had, thirteen new Communicants, ten of them young lads. And in that morning's newspaper he had read that Mr. So-and-so, who had sat beside him in the Logic Class and had been regarded as the least capable, to put it gently, amongst a hundred and thirty students, had received a legal appointment worth £700 a year with perquisites, and, it was understood, was shortly to be married to a beautiful and accomplished heiress.



## CHAPTER 2.

As he was putting his rejected manuscript away, his eye caught sight of one of his college essays with his professor's writing on the back—"A little florid, but otherwise a masterly paper." He remembered being called to read three pages of it to the class, and he could still hear the cheer he got when he sat down. And there was that great half-hour in the reading-room afterwards, when his comrades congratulated him, and one of them with wide eyes had said—"Man, where did you get that style?" Style, forsooth! Now that he read it, after ten years' ministry, he saw it to be, in Browning's words,

"Fluff, nutshell, and naught!"

Every one of these things, especially his contempt for his college essays, should have cheered him if he had looked at them the right way. The departure of his young folks was a widening of his influence. The success of his brother minister should have filled him with joy. The marriage of his young women to godly men—should *that* have been a trial? The very illness of his elder, had he but known it, was to make that elder's sick-room, to him and others, the very gate of heaven for many a day to come.

But comfort came to him another way.

## CHAPTER 3.

There were some fierce blasts and showers as he went out visiting that afternoon.

But between the blasts he heard a thrush singing, "The Winter is

past, the rain is over and gone."

And he saw a snowdrop, waving its white and green signal to tell that the line was clear for other flowers, for Spring was come.

And young Mrs. Allison, bedfast with rheumatism for now four years, had shown him a sprig of lilac bush with buds on it, that her neighbour's daughter Ruby had brought in and put in a little jar, to show her how soon Summer would be here—"and, indeed, I feel it already, for there's a blessing in the air."

And there was Sandy the ploughman, joking with his horses as they pulled the plough up the steep brae, and bidding them think of the joy of Harvest.

And in the village stationer's he heard a Commercial Traveller say, "I'll be round in a month with samples of next year's Calendars."

And in his evening paper he read how every defeated politician was saying, "We are defeated, but not disgraced, neither are we disheartened. It may be six months hence, or a year, or two years; it may be even five, but, gentlemen, we shall win next time."

## CHAPTER 4.

"Everybody else," said the young minister to himself that night, "the birds, the beasts, the flowers, even the politicians—all look ahead and hope. And I, who am called to stand upon the tower, and to look north and south and east and west, and might have seen the very body of heaven in its clearness, have seen nothing to cheer me, because I have been looking only at myself."



---

Reasons for not going to Church. 12th Series.—No. 2.

*Now that the children are ALL provided with roller-skates, their mother hopes soon to save as much money as will mend their boots and let them get to Church.*

1	TU	The Kingdom is the Lord's: "The wheels of this confused world are rolled and cogged and driven according as our Lord will."— <i>Samuel Rutherford</i> .
2	W	And He is Governor among the nations.— <i>Ps. 22, 28</i> .
3	TH	Can it be that the rulers indeed know that this is the Christ?— <i>John 6, 26</i> .
4	F	The isles shall wait for His law.— <i>Is. 42, 4</i> . "Scotland and England were gifted of the Father to His Son Christ, and that is an old act of parliament, decreed by our Lord, and printed three thousand years ago."— <i>Rutherford</i> .
5	S	He sat down on the right hand of God; expecting.— <i>Heb. 10, 12</i> .
6	S	The vainglory of life is not of the Father.— <i>1 John 2, 16</i> .
7	M	The pride of the countenance.— <i>Ps. 10, 4</i> . Macaulay says of William Pitt the younger, 1759-1806, "Pride pervaded the whole man, was written in the harsh, rigid lines of his face, was marked by the way in which he walked, in which he sat, in which he stood, and, above all, <i>in which he bowed</i> ."
8	TU	There is a generation, Oh how lofty are their eyes!— <i>Prov. 30, 13</i> .
9	W	Walking and mincing as they go.— <i>Is. 3, 16</i> .
10	TH	Sitteth in the seat of the scornful.— <i>Ps. 1, 1</i> .
11	F	Ye have thrust with side and with shoulder.— <i>Ezek. 34, 21</i> .
12	S	Thy neck is an iron sinew, and thy brow brass.— <i>Is. 48, 4</i> .
13	S	Tell them, Thus saith the Lord God.— <i>Ezek. 3, 11</i> .
14	M	We waxed bold in our God.— <i>1 Thess. 2, 2, R. V.</i>
15	TU	Did I show fickleness?— <i>2 Cor. 1, 18, R. V.</i>
16	W	Let your nay be nay.— <i>James 5, 12</i> . "In my opinion the courage to deliver a proper 'No' ought to be cultivated as soon as a child's intelligence is sufficiently advanced."— <i>Sir H. M. Stanley, K.C.B.</i>
17	TH	I have made thee an iron pillar against the whole land.— <i>Jer. 1, 18</i> .
18	F	I withstood Peter to the face.— <i>Gal. 2, 11</i> .
19	S	My foot standeth in an even place.— <i>Ps. 26, 12</i> . Compare <i>Gen. 49, 4</i> .
20	S	And God said, Let Us make man in Our image.— <i>Gen. 1, 26</i> .
21	M	From the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in Absalom.— <i>2 Sam. 14, 25</i> . "To few is it given to see, as we doctors do, human nature in its majesty and meanness. What attitude of mind then becomes us who are thus privileged to look into the fire of the great Refiner? Is it not that of humility and charity?"— <i>Sir W. Broabant, K.C.V.O.</i>
22	TU	A beggar named Lazarus, full of sores.— <i>Luke 16, 20</i> .
23	W	Patient in tribulation.— <i>Rom. 12, 12</i> .
24	TH	A woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years.— <i>Luke 13, 11</i> .
25	F	It is sown in dishonour.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 43</i> .
26	S	A Saviour, Who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation.— <i>Phil. 3, 21, R. V.</i>
27	S	There is no wisdom nor counsel against the Lord.— <i>Prov. 21, 30</i> .
28	M	That take counsel, but not of Me.— <i>Is. 30, 1</i> . "A motto for Cabinets: 'Twenty wise men may easily add up into one fool.'"— <i>The Comments of Bagshot</i> .

March, 1910.

One Halfpenny

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIII.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 3.

The Winds of March.



Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH"  
for 1909, Vol. XXII. Price, One Shilling.

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*Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch,"  
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XX., and XXI., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905,  
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Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

## Lord Kelvin.

*Buying up the opportunity.—Eph. 5, 16.*

*R. V. Margin.*

IN every page of the two volumes of Lord Kelvin's newly published *Life*, one sees proofs of what his biographer, Professor Silvanus P. Thompson, calls his passion for filling up every available moment with work. When he was a student, for example, he gave up rowing, though he was the best sculler at Cambridge, because he found that during the three weeks of the College races "nothing occurring on the whole earth seemed of the slightest importance compared with them. We could talk and think," he said, "of nothing else. It was three weeks clean out of my time for working." And as in his youth, so in his manhood. He devoted himself, body, mind, and soul, to his work, incessant from day to day, from year to year. "From early morning—for before rising he would begin to work at the notes in his green book—to late evening, he was immersed in his avocations. Time was his enemy, with whom he seemed to wage a continual warfare,

consulting his watch at intervals, sometimes with great perturbation."

James Russell Lowell, the American poet, says in one of his letters that one ought always to keep pencil and paper at the head of one's bed as bird-lime to catch any ideas that may come to one. In this respect Lord Kelvin was an adept fowler, only his ideas came "flying as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows,"

Not single spies,  
But in battalions,

and he was always ready to receive them. "That 'green book,'" said his grand-niece, "is a great institution. There is a series of 'green books'—really notebooks made specially for him—which he uses up at the rate of 5 or 6 a year, which are his inseparable companions. They generally go upstairs, downstairs, out of doors, and indoors, wherever he goes; and he writes in his 'green book' under any circumstances. Looking through them is quite amusing; one entry will be in the train, another in the garden, a third in bed before he gets up; and so they go on, at all hours of the day or night. He always puts the place, and the exact minute of beginning an entry."

Lord Kelvin was born in 1824 and died in 1907, and in the course of these fourscore years and three, published about 25 volumes, wrote 661 Scientific Communications and Addresses, the earliest of these being printed before he was seventeen, and took out either by himself or in conjunction with others 70 patents—surely a long, long, good day's work!

## Concerning Birthdays.

*So teach us to number our days, that we may get us an heart of wisdom.—Psalm 90, 12.*

*(Continued from page 16.)*

16th  
Birth-  
day.

"It was a maiden aunt of Stalky," says Kipling in his *Stalky & Co.*, "who sent him two books, Farrar's *Eric; or, Little by Little*, and *St. Winifred's*, with the inscription, 'To dearest Artie, on his sixteenth birthday'"—to the great annoyance of his two companions in mischief, M'Turk and Beetle, who would rather he had got five shillings to buy cartridges with, and frankly told him so, "and we don't think much of your aunt, Artie, dear."

Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart., 1783-1862, an eminent English surgeon, wrote thus to his eldest son on the occasion of his 16th birthday: "When I look back on my own younger days I feel sensible that the four years which elapsed between the ages of sixteen and twenty were among the most valuable, if not actually the most valuable years of my whole life. It was in that interval of time that I acquired habits of perseverance and industry, and that I learned to direct my attention to a particular object instead of travelling from one subject to another. I think too that I can recollect my having then for the first time meditated on my own character and became sensible of some of my own faults, a branch of knowledge of more consequence than all the Greek and mathematics that school and college can teach to the most zealous student. It is said to be desirable that you should know the world. But it is much more so that you should know yourself. Always keep before your mind the maxim which was inscribed over the temple at Delphi—

ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ

—*Gnothi seauton, Know thyself.* Those who fail to do so believe themselves to have faculties which God has not given them, or with which they are endowed only in a slight degree, while they overlook those which they really possess, and which they might cultivate with advantage. They also overlook their own faults, and are uncharitable to others. . . . I think it must be useful to a boy to have his memory jogged as to the importance of self-study and self-knowledge."

17th

Dr. James Hamilton of Regent Square Church, London, author of *Life in Earnest*, etc.—born at Paisley 1814, died in London 1867—resolved on his 17th birthday, being then a student at Glasgow University, "to do things methodically, to attend to the most necessary duties first, never to spend more than seven hours in bed during winter except when unwell, and always to carry about some book for occupying odd minutes." And then he set before himself in his Diary this somewhat ambitious programme: "There are a few things which

17th  
Birth-  
day.

I would like to do before my next birthday, viz: Write some Life for the London Tract Society's Series, form a society for religious purposes among the sons of ministers attending College, and write a collection of hymns for young men."

"September 3rd, 1864.—My seventeenth birthday. Shot 18 brace of birds, 4 hares, 1 landrail. 5 feet 10 inches high, weight 11 stone 6 lbs. Sam gave me a garnet ring; Phil a gold locket."

Could any one have guessed that the young lad who noted these things in his diary was to lay down his life, a martyr for Christ, in a heathen land, twenty-one years afterwards? Yet so it was, for the writer was James Hannington, English Church Missionary-Bishop, murdered by Mwanga, King of Uganda, 29th October, 1885.

It is interesting to compare with this the strangely different experience of another lad whose name is even more inseparably associated with Uganda, Alexander Murdoch Mackay, 1849—1890. Hannington in his 17th year got a garnet ring and a gold locket, and was evidently proud of them; Mackay in his 16th year got something more to be desired than gold, yea much fine gold, even his mother's Bible, with her message, "Search the Scriptures; *search*, not simply *read*." From how different starting-points did these two men come to walk the same road and reach the same goal!

On the night on which poor Jean Myles died, Mr. Barrie tells us in his Sentimental Tommy, she took her little boy into her bed and told him in the dark the mournful story of her life, putting his hand on her cheeks that he might feel how wet they were with sorrowful tears.

"The sobbing boy hugged his mother. 'Do you think I'm an auld woman?' she said to him.

'You're gey auld, are you no?' he answered.

'Ay,' she said, 'I'm gey auld; I'm nine and twenty. I was seventeen on the day when Aaron Latta went half-road in the cart wi' me to Cullew hauding my hand aneath my shawl. He hedna spiered me, but I just kent.'"

It was at the gathering at Cullew that night, at the age of only seventeen, Sweet Seventeen—

Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet—

that she allowed a Mr. Sandys to steal her love away from poor Aaron. Mr. Sandys was the man who married her and made her wish a thousand times that she never had been born. She knew he was a bad man, and had often run from him before, and yet as often had gone looking for him too.

Oh all you young people who read these words, plead, plead with God, tell Him that you wish Him to choose your life-companions for you; tell Him that He *must* do it. For

O thou child of many prayers,  
Life hath quicksands, Life hath snares!

*And when Herod heard John, he did many things.—Mark 6, 20.*

WHEN the fortress of Belfort in France surrendered to the Germans in 1870 after a siege of seventy-five days, its garrison was allowed, in consideration of the gallant defence they had made, to march out with what is called the Honours of War, that is, with their drums beating and their flags flying. When, on the other hand, the Confederates proposed to surrender Vicksburg during the American Civil War in 1862, and asked for favourable terms from General Grant, his reply was given in words that have become famous :

“Head Quarters,  
Army in the Field,  
Feb. 16th, 1862.

Gen. S. B. Buckner,  
Sir,

Yours of this date proposing Armistice, and appointment of Commissioners to settle terms of Capitulation, is just received. No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted.

I propose to move immediately upon your works.

I am, sir, very respectfully,  
Your obt. servt.,  
U. S. GRANT,  
Brig. Gen.”

The U. S. in Grant's name stood for Ulysses Simpson, but after that letter and its outcome one of the favourite names for him in the Northern States was Unconditional Surrender Grant.

So natural and usual is it for

people who are defeated to try and make as good terms as possible to save their pride when they yield, that the very word capitulation, which we use as equal to surrender, means properly no more than a statement of the heads or terms on which surrender will be made.

A friend was telling me the other day of a little visitor she had, a most interesting but somewhat self-willed boy about three years of age. One afternoon he threw her eye-glasses on the floor, and when she asked him to pick them up and bring them to her, he said,

“No, A won't!”

“Pick them up, please!”

“A won't!”

The same command and the same reply were given at intervals during the next ten minutes, after which she ignored him altogether for a short time. Presently he sidled towards her and said,

“Will ou pick 'em up!”

“No! Kenneth must pick them up.”

Whereupon he went off frowning.

After a little he went near the place where the eye glasses were lying, and put out his hand as if to lift them, but instantly drew it back again, with a quick gesture and an angry scream.

At this point some women would have foolishly given in and no longer insisted on his obeying them. Some would even have offered him a chocolate!

“Pick up the eye glasses” was said again very quietly.

After some further hesitation he crossed the hearthrug to where a



little oak chair stood, and beginning to push it towards her, with a beaming look upon his face, said, "A'll pick up 'is chair for ou!"

"No. Pick up the eye glasses!" And this he did, but only after twenty minutes' struggle! And then there came a time of happiness

and an outburst of affection, and a longing for the recognition of his courage in conquering himself, expressed in these words—"Am I not a WELLY good boy?"

Now, when that little fellow offered to pick up the chair, he was willing to surrender provided he was allowed to march out with the Honours of War. And that was the way with Herod, and it is the way with all of us. We won't do the one thing God asks us, but we are quite prepared to do something else, and perhaps what seems to be an even greater thing. We are prepared to surrender to God, only He must surrender to us too. But He makes no terms with sin. No flesh must glory in His presence. The terms are, Unconditional Surrender! Ay, and let it be—IMMEDIATE as well. Then

I am His, and He is mine,  
For ever and for ever.



## A New Name.

### CHAPTER I.

OLD Jean was the person whom many people in our end of the town sent for when there was any extra work in the house or any cleaning to be done. "We'll just get Jean," they said, and because she came so willingly, and worked so steadily, and took so little pay, they didn't know how much they had to be thankful for. She was not quite fifty, but the young folks thought her old, not knowing how young that age seems to many. Next to "Old" Jean, "Door-Step"

Jean was her most common name. "Oh but haven't I reason to be thankful!" she often said to herself. "Twenty houses that I go to twice a week to wash their front door steps, and many a body can't get one to do, and a penny every time I go." That was three-and-fourpence of sure money to her every week, and what with various odds and ends her income was rarely less than five shillings, and sometimes it was nearer six. One never-to-be-forgotten week she made no less than nine-and-ninepence, which she called a man's wage. That was a great memory to her, and whenever she felt depressed the thought of it rebuked her and set her singing.

### CHAPTER II.

There was no denying she was very slow. "Any other woman would do these steps twice over in a fourth of the time," ladies would say when their consciences reproved them as they sent out the twopence to her every Saturday. They preferred paying her that way; a penny-a-day looked mean. But they forgot that any other woman would have charged twopence, or threepence, every time, and not done them half as well.

"Jacob's Ladder" was the name our young minister gave her. She was the person he saw oftenest whenever he went out the first month he was amongst us. He saw her everywhere, he said, "always either ascending or descending" like the angels. He could hardly say she flew swiftly, but he confessed she made every step she touched so



white and pretty that when the richer people in his congregation asked him why he did not call oftener, he would say, "I really do not like to soil the stair!" And people would sometimes laugh as they saw him trying to do three and even four steps at a time.

### CHAPTER III.

One day as Jean stood in the lobby of a house at whose cleaning she was to help, she heard the maid say to her mistress, "The Stupid Woman has come," and from the way in which the mistress said, "Tell her I'll see her in a moment," she could see that "The Stupid Woman" was evidently her recognised description.

"And I don't say they're wrong," she often said to herself afterwards, "only it hurt me, and I wish they hadn't said it."

It made no odds in her work, however, though it did in her prayers, and from that day forth as she went along the street, or knelt at her washing and scrubbing—for she often felt that hers was a holy calling, for it kept her on her knees—her favourite name for herself when she spoke to God was—"this sinful stupid body"—though that wasn't the name He called her by when He spoke of her in presence of the angels.

### CHAPTER IV.

Jean was so much of what we called "an institution" in the place that no one ever thought of praising her. We took her and her work and the way it was done just as we took the sun rising. It was part of the established order of things. But

there was no doubt she now and then had a great longing for a word or two of praise. "I know I'm stupid," she would say, "and maybe far stupider than I think, and yet I'm sure I try to do my best."

And she got a word of praise one day that she never forgot, and in this wise.

When the big laird in our neighbourhood shot his coverts every year, he needed so many guns that some of his guests had to be put up in a large, old-fashioned inn in the town. Amongst these one year was Sir Hubert Holdster, V.C., the colonel of a cavalry regiment, and a great dandy. (It was he of whom his brother officers made up the tale that one day in London, when the streets were covered with mud and snow, and there was no hansom within hail, he gave a man a shilling to carry him across Oxford Street, and finding he had forgotten something, gave him another shilling to take him back again.)

On the day the shooting party broke up, Sir Hubert told his man that he wanted to see the person who had done the brushing of his boots. To his surprise a timid, gentle-looking woman, with something very sweet and honest in her face, was shown into the room.

"Was it you who did my boots all this week?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you use some special polish? for if you do I would like you to tell my man the name of it."

"No, sir, it's just ordinary blacking, but I always try to do the boots and shoes as well as I can."

"Then I wish to tell you that I have never got them done better in my life, and I am very much obliged to you. It has been a pleasure to me to put them on every day."

I need hardly tell you that Jean left Sir Hubert's presence smiling, and though she never could remember his name—"it was something like Bolster, but it wasn't that"—she never forgot his words, for praise from him was praise indeed, and many a time they cheered her. Indeed, I think I may safely say that there were not many moments in the day in which she was not more or less conscious of them. And many a time she told God about them with a glad heart.

When the late eminent physician Sir William Broadbent unexpectedly found himself treated as a distinguished man at a Congress at Geneva, he wrote in a letter home these words: "Since I have the reputation, one thing is imperative; I must work harder than ever to make myself worthy of it in some

degree. Iron does sharpen iron with a vengeance." And so it was with Jean. That stranger's words not only cheered her, but they made her strive with all her might to do things even better than she had always done.

#### CHAPTER V.

I have told you only a few of Jean's names. I have often wondered what the angels called her when they had occasion to speak of her to one another or to God. I am sure they, too, must have had many names for her, and each one bonnier than the other.

And when all Jean's work on earth is done, and it won't be done till the last day—for though she is long dead her influence is not—I wonder what God will call her, and in what New Name He will sum up all she shall then have done, and all she will still have to do, for us and Him.

"I will write upon Him Mine Own new name"—I wonder what that can mean.

### Reasons for not going to Church. 12th Series.—No. 3.

*The mother of these little twin girls has persuaded her husband to leave the church because there is a situation which she would like her husband to get, which she hears will be vacant in May—a free house, with coal and gas, and thirty-five shilling a week—and they are going to another church in which two gentlemen sit who, she is informed, will have the appointment virtually in their own hands.*

*But the reason she gives is this: "The Minister evidently takes no interest in his young people, for three times within the last fortnight he has called our little Mary Ann, Ariadne, and Ariadne, Mary Ann." (Alas! alas! she does not know that the situation is already promised to another!)*



1	TU	But one thing I do. "For twenty-three years that mathematical point on the earth's surface had been the object of my every effort. To attain it I had dedicated my whole being, physical, mental, and moral; had risked my life a hundred times and the lives of those who had been glad to take the chances with me; had given all my own money and the money of my friends."— <i>Peary's Narrative of the Discovery of the North Pole in Nash's Magazine.</i>
2	W	Forgetting the things which are behind,
3	TH	And stretching forward to the things which are before,
4	F	I press on toward the goal unto the prize,
5	S	The prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.— <i>Phil. 3, 13, R. V.</i>
6	S	Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord.— <i>Ps. 25, 15.</i> "Always sit on the sunny side of the hill."
7	M	Toward the mercy-seat were the faces of the cherubim.— <i>Ex. 37, 9.</i>
8	TU	He that comforteth the lowly, even God.— <i>2 Cor. 7, 6, R. V.</i>
9	W	Are the consolations of God too small for thee?— <i>Job 15, 11, R. V.</i>
10	TH	They looked unto Him, and were lightened.— <i>Ps. 34, 5.</i>
11	F	The dayspring from on high shall visit us.— <i>Luke 1, 78, R. V.</i>
12	S	They cast four anchors out, and wished for the day.— <i>Acts 27, 29.</i>
13	S	Remember, O my God, them that would have put me in fear.— <i>Neh. 6, 14, R. V.</i>
14	M	Thou hast caused me to hope.— <i>Ps. 119, 49.</i>
15	TU	The people followed trembling.— <i>1 Sam. 13, 7.</i> "Every one was devoured by the terrible thought, 'Will our battleships be able to stand the Japanese fire?' They doubted this, and in battle doubt does no good."— <i>Commander Semenov's Voyage of Rojestvensky's Fleet.</i>
16	W	What man is there that is fearful and fainthearted?— <i>Deut. 20, 8.</i>
17	TH	Let him return, lest his brethren's heart melt as his heart.
18	F	My flesh and my heart faileth: but
19	S	God is the strength of my heart.— <i>Ps. 73, 26.</i>
20	S	Thou preparest a table before me.— <i>Ps. 23, 5.</i>
21	M	The bread of thy God.— <i>Lev. 21, 8.</i>
22	TU	Thou hast lacked nothing.— <i>Deut. 2, 7.</i>
23	W	Fared sumptuously every day.— <i>Luke 16, 19.</i>
24	TH	I have learned the secret both to be filled and to be hungry.— <i>Phil. 4, 12, R. V.</i> "If one of us dropped a crumb the other would point it out, and the owner would wet his finger in his mouth and pick up the morsel."— <i>Shackleton's The Heart of the Antarctic.</i>
25	F	They shall eat their bread with carefulness.— <i>Ezek. 12, 19.</i>
26	S	They did take their food with gladness, praising God.— <i>Acts 2, 46, R. V.</i>
27	S	And God remembered Noah, and all the cattle.— <i>Gen. 8, 1.</i>
28	M	I establish My covenant with you, and with every beast.— <i>Gen. 9, 9.</i>
29	TU	Praise the Lord, beasts, and all cattle.— <i>Ps. 148, 10.</i>
30	W	Be not afraid, ye beasts of the field.— <i>Joel 2, 22.</i> "My Bulgarian driver's wiry little pair of horses wore necklets of blue beads as charms against the 'Evil Eye.'"— <i>Harry de Windt's Through Savage Europe.</i>
31	TH	There shall be upon the horses' bells, Holy unto the Lord.— <i>Zech. 14, 20.</i>

April, 1910.

One Halfpenny

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIII.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 4.



*"Don't be afraid, Old Chuckie!  
I'm not going to take your Life,  
only your Photo. Pray try to look a little more composed!"*

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH"  
for 1909, Vol. XXII. Price, One Shilling.

—:o:—

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*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.  
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.  
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Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

*Now in the place where He was crucified  
there was a garden.—John 19, 41.*

*Supposing Him to be the gardener.  
John 20, 15.*

WHEN Israel went out of Egypt, says the Psalmist, the mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs. All nature shared in the joy of God and the joy of His redeemed. For, as Paul says, the earnest expectation of the whole creation waiteth for the manifestation, the revealing, of the sons of God; how much more, then, for the revealing of the Son of God!

The day on which our Lord rose from the dead was the greatest in time, and the greatest in all eternity, the greatest in the history alike of man and God. On it was finished that work of Redemption which had occupied, and filled, the whole mind and heart of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost from and through all everlasting ages. And if on the day of the beginning of His miracles, at Cana of Galilee, when He first manifested His glory,

all nature rejoiced, and "the conscious water saw its Lord, and blushed," and was turned into wine, we may surely well imagine that, when that glory was manifested in highest and uttermost degree on the morning of the Resurrection, the garden that had been witness of His unspeakable suffering and shame brake forth into singing—to use one of Isaiah's favourite thoughts—brake forth into joy, and sang together, while every flower and every bush, like Aaron's rod, was budded and brought forth buds and bloomed blossoms and yielded fruits, at the presence of the Lord. Lost Paradise had been regained. Instead of the sorrowing Cherubim and the flame of a sword which turned every way, there were happy Angels "young men," who said, Come, see the place where the Lord lay. Instead of "So He drove out the man," there were words like these, "Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? Go unto My brethren."

Mary had other things to think of than flowers. Yet we may be sure that, amid and underneath the multitude of her thoughts, she felt and knew there was a beauty in the place that was not of earth. Here was, indeed, a Garden, and such a Garden as presupposed a Gardener. Sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted His people, He hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

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## Concerning Birthdays.

*When I became a man, I put away childish things.—1 Cor. 13, 11.*

*(Continued from page 28.)*

17th  
Birth-  
day.

"3rd May, 1678. If my son John had lived to this day, he had been seventeen years of age, but God prevented, yet I desire to be thankful that I had such a son." When Philip Henry wrote these words in his Diary, his son had been in the grave—and in heaven—twelve years.

Sir William Sterndale Bennett, D.C.L., 1816-1875, a distinguished English Musician, in a letter written to his aunt on his 17th birthday, 13th April, 1833, describes a visit he paid to Windsor Castle. "After I had played the first time, the Queen"—Adelaide, wife of William the Fourth—"rose from her seat where she was sitting at needlework, and came to me. 'I am obliged to you,' she said, 'for playing that solo. Is that your own composition? Well, if you keep on studying hard, you will make something very great.'"

Sir Arthur Sullivan as a boy took lessons on the pianoforte from him, and often found his attention distracted from his work because he could not help looking at his master's hands. "The tips of his fingers by reason of continued pressure had become flat and broad, and looked like padded cushions nearly coinciding in breadth with the white keys of a pianoforte. When he was obliged to wear kid gloves, a pair large enough to admit his fingers lay quite loosely over his hand and wrists."

"21st May, 1797—I am seventeen to-day." So wrote Miss Elizabeth Gurney, afterwards Mrs. Fry, the lady who did so much for Prison Reform. "Am I a happier or a better creature than I was this time twelvemonths? I know I am happier; I think I am better. I hope I shall be much better this day year than I am now. I hope to be quite an altered person, to have more knowledge, to have my mind in greater order; and my heart, too, wants to be put in order as much, if not more, than any part of me, it is in such a fly-away state."

When she wrote these words, her health was not good, and she had lost her mother, we must remember, five years before. A month or two afterwards she wrote: "I am like a ship put out to sea without a pilot; I feel my heart and mind so overburdened, I want some one to lean upon . . . I must not flirt; I must not ever be out of temper with the children; I must not contradict without a cause; I must not mump when my sisters are liked and I am not; I must not allow myself to be angry; I must not exaggerate, which I am inclined to do; I must not give way to luxury; I must not be idle in mind; I have lately been too satirical, so as to hurt sometimes; remember, it is always a fault to hurt others." It was during the months that followed that she gave herself definitely to Christ. She married when she was twenty, and died when she was sixty-five, in 1845.

17th  
Birth-  
day.

On the eve of her 17th birthday, Miss Susan Warner, known afterwards as Elizabeth Wetherell, authoress of *The Wide Wide World*, *Queenchy*, etc., was plainly told by her doctor that her health was giving way. The blow fell hard, as we may see from her diary.

"July 11, New York. It is my birthday—not a season of great rejoicing to me ever; and I am anything but joyful, be it what day it might. I had formed delightful anticipations, but they must be only *hopes* now. I had such bright visions, but they have faded, and I think the dream is scarce worth awaking from it. This morning when I awoke the first thought was about the pleasant hopes that have occupied me so much since I came home; but I soon found they were gone and that I must make up my mind to get up without them. My eyes were not near open; I suppose they were swelled with my long and hard crying last night." But, as her sister tells us, through all her trials—and they were many—the joy of the Lord was her strength, and her face grew sweeter and her heart stronger, as the years went by. She died in 1885, in her sixty-sixth year.

18th

Here is a letter from Prof. Huxley to his son Leonard:

"Dec. 10, 1878. Your mother reminds me that to-morrow is your eighteenth birthday, though I know that my 'happy returns' will reach you a few hours too late, I cannot but send them.

"You are touching manhood now, my dear laddie, and I trust that as a man your mother and I may always find reason to regard you as we have done throughout your boyhood.

"The great thing in the world is not so much to seek happiness as to earn peace and self-respect. I have not troubled you much with paternal didactics—but that bit is 'ower true' and worth thinking over."

Dr. Hort, of whom mention was made in the January number, wrote thus to his second son, then at Cambridge, on his 18th birthday: 8th March, 1886. "It is a day not merely for forming fresh resolutions and kindling and strengthening them with fresh prayer, but also for beginning some new habit to be henceforth continued daily, which may be a constant reminder of a new year and a constant help towards living worthily of it."

"In the year 1847 I determined to keep a diary, and began to do so on my 18th birthday, making an entry in it, longer or shorter, for every day that passed over me."

These words are from the Preface to the first of fourteen volumes of *Notes from a Diary*, published at intervals from 1897 to 1904 by the Right Hon. M. E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I. When he had carried out his resolution for a quarter of a century, he began to keep his diary in two forms, one a very brief record for every day, the other much fuller. In his Notes, which close with the 23rd January, 1901, the date of King Edward's Accession, he tells us that he took the old Sun-dial's motto for his guide—*Horas non numero nisi serenas*, the hours I do not count unless they be fine. His volumes, though

18th  
Birth-  
day.

they are disfigured by occasional repetitions and by many untranslated quotations from foreign languages, are extremely interesting, as well they might be, for he could have said like Ulysses—

Much have I seen and known ; cities of men  
And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
Myself not least, but honoured of them all,  
And drunk delight of battle with my peers.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am a part of all that I have met.

It is not likely that any of us will ever have such a rich and varied experience as Sir M. E. Grant Duff had, but from what I have myself seen of life I am persuaded that if we were to write down at night the wise and clever and kind and solemn things we hear and see each day, there is not one of us who would not find, long before he reached middle life, a great book written to his hand.

I wonder if any one who reads this will begin a diary *to-day* !

"Why didn't I not know about you till after grandmother died?" said my little maid to me.

"I'll tell you when you are big."

"Shall I be big enough when I am six?"

"No, not till your eighteenth birthday."

"But birthdays come so slow. Will they come quicker when I am big?"

"Much quicker."

—*Mr. Barrie's Little Minister.*

### The Grumbling Squirrel and the Thankful Rabbit.

*Be content with such things as ye have.*

*Heb. 13. 5.*

"YOU must have been lying on your wrong side, surely," said one Squirrel to another, "you have done nothing but grumble ever since you awakened."

"I think I have good reason to grumble," said the other. "I have been sleeping nearly five months, and that means that I have lost five months' breakfasts and five months' dinners and five months' suppers, not to speak of all the parties and picnics that I should have been

invited to. And I hear there has been a wonderful thing in the heavens that they call a comet, though they can't tell me what it is, and I have missed seeing it, and they say it will never be back again, and somebody has been at my nuts, for I had a hundred and fifty and three when I lay down in October, and there are only nine-and-twenty left. Look at that ugly Rabbit that has been enjoying himself all winter, and has never lost a meal, and I am sure he saw the comet every night. It is a queer world; things are not rightly divided in it."

"It certainly is a queer world."



said Squirrel Number One, "and I can't think of anything in it queerer than your complaints. They are of two kinds :

1. Astronomical, and
2. Gastronomical.

(You cannot deny that whether that is *rightly* divided or not, it's *neatly*

divided!) The one moment you seem to me to mind heavenly things, and the next moment earthly things. It is quite true you missed seeing the comet, and so did I, but what could be finer than last night's moon? and besides they say there is another comet coming in a month and a far grander one.

"And as to what you say about your nuts, your *Nuces Ambrosianae* as well as your *Noctes Ambrosianae*—I fear I am beyond your depth! but you'll understand that some day, perhaps, when you get more sense—you ate them all yourself, though you don't remember doing it, for you wakened three times and had three feeds, and I fear you can't have asked a blessing, but it is not too late to do it now. And you have more to give thanks for than you know.

"You were envying that Rabbit. Well, I had a talk with him three days ago. He says it has been the severest winter he remembers, and he has seen no less than four. Such frost and such snow he never saw. And when the thaw came the turnips made them ill."

"Did he see the comet?"

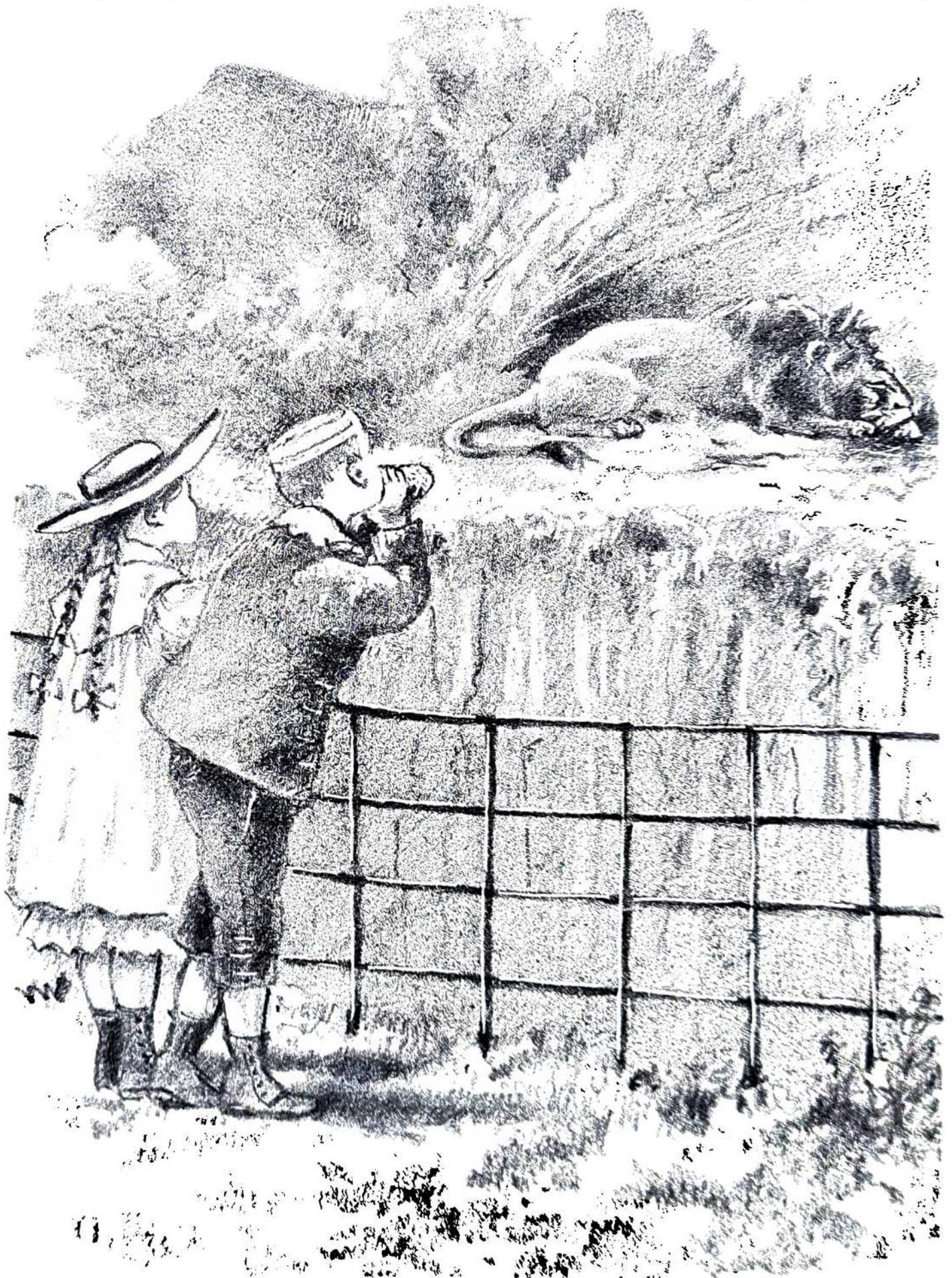
"He's not quite sure, but he thinks he did, only he says when one sees shooting men five days a week, one is not in a mood to be taken up with shooting stars at night. He was kept busy dressing his own and other Rabbits' wounds. Twice he was caught by a Ferret, only happily it was muzzled and so he got off. He was hit in his body fifteen times by stray pellets, and both his ears were riddled by them

more than once. And once a retriever gripped him, but the Game-keeper took him out of its mouth and tossed him in the air, and two shots were fired at him, and other two, and other two, and other two. And all he lost was his off hind leg, and he knows six Rabbits that lost two legs, and five that lost three. Yes, he says, it has been a winter of great mercies, and he has more to be thankful for than he can put in words."



*And God blessed them: and God said unto them, Replenish the Earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the face of the earth.—Gen. I, 28.*

IF a man were asked what right he has to cross the Sahara, or climb the Himalayas, or set out for the South Pole, he might quote the first part of that verse and say, There is the Traveller's Passport, these are the Explorer's Marching Orders. Man was made to subdue the earth. And if another was asked what right he has to build an Airship or a Submarine, he might quote the second part of the verse. His dominion over the fowls of the air and the fish of the sea cannot be complete till he himself has soared into the heights, and dived into the depths, and beaten every creature in its own element. Birds, beasts, and fishes are, so to speak, our pioneers, each in its own realm, pointing out the way and beckoning us to follow. And how can two walk together except they be



*"O Ludwig, if you boo that way you'll frighten him!"*

agreed? God means all rivals to be friends, and they who shall be living when the Millennium comes will see even stranger sights than that of the lion lying down with the lamb. Horses will decline to let us walk unless we show them some one more needful of a carry; ravens will bring us greater dainties than they brought Elijah; while eagles will be willing, like the Galatians, to pluck out their own eyes to give to us!

There is a small estate in Germany, some distance from Hamburg, that has been turned by its purchaser, Herr Carl Hagenbeck, into a wild beasts' park. There you may see goats leaping amongst little artificial hills whose rocks were made under a great sculptor's guidance; seals, too, swimming in vast ponds or basking on a shore; elephants trumpeting in a jungle that reminds them in measure of their far off home; and there too are lions in their dens, and tigers lurking in gorges, these last two in enclosures surrounded by a deep, deep trench twenty-eight feet broad, a width twice greater than they can jump. And there they live and play in the open air, summer and winter, while crowds and crowned heads from near and far come and gaze at them in wonder.

This Carl Hagenbeck has hunters in his employment in every part of Asia and Africa. For people come to his place at Stellingen, not only to see sights, but to buy and sell—the Italian who seeks a monkey, the Rajah who cannot get a tiger's cub

at home, or the Agent of some nation that needs a thousand dromedaries for the seat of war.

In a book called *Beasts and Men*, Herr Hagenbeck tells the story of his life. Here are two of his experiences which prove the power of love, and show us, to our shame, how much better sometimes a beast is than a man.

"Forty years ago or more," he says, "I bought a pair of young tigers, one of which caught a bad cold, which produced in him an affection of the eyes from which he became blind. For months I nursed him with the utmost care, going every day to his cage to make him as comfortable as possible, so that a very intimate relation between us grew up. At length my devotion was rewarded and he completely recovered. Later on he and his mate were sold to Prof. Peters of the Berlin Zoological Gardens, and here the pair lived for many years; but to the day of his death the tiger whom I cured retained a most faithful attachment to me. Often I did not see him for long periods together, but, notwithstanding this, he would always fall into the most violent excitement on hearing my voice in the distance; and when I came up he would purr like a cat, and was never satisfied till I had gone into the cage and spent some little time with him. Often on these occasions have the public stood round in astonishment at the spectacle of the strange meeting. In memory of this tiger I had a water-colour of him made for me by

the painter Leutemann."

"The life of these animals," he says in another place, "is not so long as ours; old age and death come very quickly upon them; and hence most of my friendships are things of the past. One of my oldest friends is a lion now resident in the Zoological Gardens at Cologne. This lion came from North Africa, and was one of a pair purchased by me when five years old, from a Belgium menagerie, in 1890. They were exceedingly handsome and perfectly tame, so that, although I only had them for two months, that period was sufficient for a life-long friendship to grow up. Only one of them is alive now, but, though very old and infirm, he still

remembers me. Once when I was travelling in a train to Cologne I made a bet that he would recognise me without seeing me, if I merely shouted to him from some distance off. And I proved to be right; for as soon as he heard the sound of my voice, the old lion came up to the bars and would not rest till I had greeted and stroked him."

In that day, says God in the Book of Hosea, will I make a covenant for My people with the beasts of the field. But there will be a greater day when God will do a harder thing. Nations like Germany and Britain will make a covenant with one another, and He will break the bow and the sword and the battle out of the earth.

## Reasons for not going to Church. 12th Series.—No. 4.

*This is Jamie Howson the Sweep, and he is telling the maid, who has asked him why she never sees any of his family in Church now, that the reason is that his wife was publicly insulted by two ministers in a tram car some weeks ago. One of them had looked at her as she came in, and she had heard him say to the other, that "it was simply impossible to make a sweep clean."*

*An elder, who happened to be in the car at the time, has since tried to explain to her that the Ministers were not talking about a CHIMNEY sweep but another kind of sweep altogether. They had been discussing the House of Lords, and the different ways of reforming it, and one of them having said it was a pity they couldn't make a clean sweep of it, the other had replied that "to abolish it, to make a clean sweep of it, was an impossibility." Mrs. Howson, however, says she can't see any difference between making a "sweep clean" and a "clean sweep." . . . "And my man was always so particular on a Sabbath, but seeing they don't want us to come near them, they needn't be afraid; their church won't be polluted by us any longer."*



1	F	I laid me down and slept ; I awaked : for the Lord sustained me.— <i>Ps. 3, 5. Prov. 3, 24-26.</i>
2	S	Behold his bed which is Solomon's ; three score valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel. They all hold swords, being expert in war : every man hath his sword upon his thigh, because of fear in the night.— <i>Song of Sol. 3, 7.</i> "There were revolvers in all the rooms the Ex-Sultan of Turkey frequented. There was one on the right hand side of his bath, and one on the left."— <i>Sir W. Ramsay, D.C.L.</i>
3	S	Whom shall I send ? Then said I, Here am I ; send me.— <i>Is. 6, 8.</i>
4	M	There shall be with thee every willing skilful man.— <i>1 Chron. 28, 21.</i>
5	TU	I know your readiness.— <i>2 Cor. 9, 2, R. V.</i> Dr. Goulburn of Norwich said of Mr. Mayor, his assistant mathematical master at Rugby School who was always willing in an emergency to do somebody else's work, that he was "like a fireman's horse ; even when not at work he stood in the stable with his harness on."
6	W	The Cherubim turned not as they went.— <i>Ezek. 10, 11.</i>
7	TH	For to their power, yea, and beyond their power.— <i>2 Cor. 8, 3.</i>
8	F	Who have for my life laid down their own necks.— <i>Rom. 16, 4.</i>
9	S	Peace be to thine helpers ; for thy God helpeth thee.— <i>2 Cor. 8, 3.</i>
10	S	Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God.— <i>Ps. 51, 14.</i>
11	M	Not self-willed, not soon angry, no striker.— <i>Titus 1, 7.</i>
12	TU	Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.— <i>Matt. 26, 41.</i>
13	W	The flesh is weak. "A little cane was the only weapon General Gordon ever carried. 'I am too hot tempered for any other,' he would say."— <i>Sir R. Hart's Life.</i>
14	TH	Saul had his spear in his hand. And Saul cast the spear.— <i>1 Sam. 18, 10, R. V.</i>
15	F	Then said Jesus, Put up thy sword into the sheath.— <i>John 18, 11.</i>
16	S	Blameless and harmless, in the midst of a crooked nation.— <i>Phil. 2, 15.</i>
17	S	The King hath brought me into His chambers.— <i>Song of Sol. 1, 4.</i> Motto over Fincastle Church and School-room door, Perthshire.
18	M	The parents brought the child Jesus into the temple.— <i>Luke 2, 27.</i>
19	TU	Wist ye not that I must be in My Father's house?— <i>Luke 2, 49, R. V.</i>
20	W	As His custom was, He went into the Synagogue.— <i>Luke 4, 16.</i>
21	TH	Then opened He their mind.— <i>Luke 24, 45.</i>
22	F	Truly our fellowship is with the Father.— <i>1 John 1, 3.</i>
23	S	We have fellowship one with another.— <i>v. 7.</i>
24	S	Beloved, let us love one another : for love is of God.— <i>1 John 4, 7.</i>
25	M	For God is love. "Mr. Murray the Publisher told me that every time Tennyson's Poems were printed, an extra supply of the letters l and v had to be got, he used the word 'love' so often."— <i>Grant Duff's Diary.</i>
26	TU	Then the Lord put forth His hand, and touched my mouth.— <i>Jer. 1, 9.</i>
27	W	His lips are like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.— <i>Song of Sol. 5, 13.</i>
28	TH	My speech shall distil as the dew ;
29	F	For I will proclaim the Name of the Lord.— <i>Deut. 32, 3, R. V.</i>
30	S	The language of Canaan.— <i>Is. 19, 18.</i>

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIII.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 5.



*"There is no need, my dears, to wash YOUR faces in May dew to make them beautiful. You could not possibly be bonnier than you are."*

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH"  
for 1909, Vol. XXII. Price, One Shilling.

—:o:—

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XX., and XXI., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905,  
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*Be not Thou deaf unto me.—Ps. 28, 1 (R.V.)*

ROBERT SCHUMANN, the German composer, "master of music and silence," when parting with a friend one day with whom he had been sitting two hours, during which no word had passed between them, pressed the friend's hand and said, "*To-day* we have understood each other perfectly." No doubt they both thought, or pretended to think, that he had said a very clever thing. But silence is not always a sign of wisdom. The man who has nothing to say may be as foolish and as cruel as the person who has too much. The gift of conversation is one of the best talents God has given us, and we must trade with it.

One told me the other day of a child, three years old, who, when his multitudinous questions and observations are left unanswered, goes up to the person to whom he has been speaking, and says with an anxious look—and how I wish I could reproduce his tone!—"Are you *angry*?"

Now, that is what we should say to God when He keeps silence and hides His face from us. Our friends are often silent because their minds are empty, or their wits are not at their finger-tips, or they are not in a speaking mood. But God our Father has always something to say to us, and longs to say it. One of Christ's names is "The Word," and the Holy Spirit is a Teacher, with Whom we may have communion that is unbroken and unceasing. If God lets a moment pass without a word or without a smile, we must have grieved Him. Lord Nelson, we are told, was glad when Lord Howe became his Admiral, because, he said, "Our new Admiral does not spare signals," which meant that he was in constant communication with his captains. And so we may say of God, that He stretches out His hands, and speaks to us, all the day long.

## Concerning Birthdays.

*When I became a man, I put away childish things.—1 Cor. 13, 11.*

*(Continued from page 41.)*

18th  
Birth-  
day.

Prince Bismarck sent this message to his wife on the 18th birthday of their eldest child: "Ischi, 21 Aug., 1865. Kiss the child Marie, who was unknown to us when we came here 18 years ago, and thank God with me for all the good He has bestowed on us since then,

18th  
Birth-  
day.

enabling me to fix my inward gaze on the home-heart in the desert of political life, as the wanderer abroad on a stormy night gazes on the light of approaching shelter."

"On July 27, 1819, my 18th birthday," says Sir G. B. Airy, the Astronomer-Royal, in his Diary, "Mr. Clarkson, the slave-trade abolitionist, invited me to dinner to Playford Hall, to meet Mr. Charles Musgrave, Fellow of Trinity College, who was residing in the neighbourhood. It was arranged that I should go to be examined the next day, I think, in Mathematics, by Mr. Musgrave. I went accordingly, and Mr. Musgrave set before me a paper of questions in geometry, algebra, mechanics, optics, etc., ending with the first proposition of Newton's *Principia*. I knew nothing more about my answers at the time, but found long after that they excited so much admiration that they were transmitted to Cambridge (I forget whether to Mr. Musgrave's brother, a Fellow of Trinity College and afterwards Archbishop of York, or to Mr. Peacock, afterwards Dean of Ely) and were long preserved."

More than fifty years ago, on Sabbath day, a young woman went into Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London, somewhat unwillingly, for lingering over her toilet had made her late. It was her 18th birthday, and naturally enough she had wished to look her best. To her astonishment Dr. James Hamilton's text was Luke 13, 16, "Ought not this woman whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day?" The sermon brought her to Christ, so that that day was her birthday in a double sense.

On the day on which the late Queen was thirteen years old, 24th May, 1832, her mother, says Viscount Esher in his book *To-day and To-morrow*, gave her a small octavo volume, half-bound in red morocco, with the words "Princess Victoria" stamped on the side. The first entry in it is as follows: "This book Mama gave me, that I might write the journal of my journey to Wales in it.—Victoria." From that time forward, adds Lord Esher, "in volumes which, as years rolled on, varied much in shape, but were uniform in so far as the pages were invariably plain and unruled, the Princess and Queen wrote the account of every day until within a few weeks of her death. Of her journals there are altogether over 100 volumes, all closely written in her small running hand. The last entry was dictated and dated the 12th of January, 1901, and she died on the 22nd."

Here is the entry on Wednesday, 24th May, 1837: "To-day is my 18th birthday! How old! and yet how far I am from being what I should be. I shall from this day take the firm resolution to study with renewed assiduity, to keep my attention always well fixed on whatever I am about, and to strive to become every day less trifling and more fit for what, if Heaven will it, I'm some day to

18th  
Birth-  
day.

be!" Twenty-seven days after these words were written, she ascended the throne on the death of King William IV.

The Right Hon. W. E. Foster, a Liberal statesman who died in 1886, received the following letter from his father, a Quaker, on his 18th birthday:—"July 11th, 1836. My dearest William, I hope thou dost not forget thy birthday. I am sure I do not. What a crowd of thoughts rush in upon my mind when I think that thou hast nearly entered upon thy nineteenth year! There is much that comforts and gladdens my old heart; and most earnestly do I desire to give thanks to God that thou hast been brought thus far on thy way without more faults. . . . I desire that our gracious Saviour and Lord may be with thee in all the trials and dangers of the coming year (and a most important year we may expect it will be to thee in many respects), in all the joys of thy buoyant spirit, and in all thy moments of care and anxious thought to help thee to resist temptation, and to bless thee and give thee peace; so that if, in the good Providence of God thou art brought to another anniversary of this day, it may be with the assurance of a good conscience. Make that prayer thy own, Psalm, 119, 117: Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe. . . . As to all matter of bad conversation in the warehouse, allow me to press it upon thee with the utmost earnestness of which I am capable, that thou wilt have no fellowship with any of the unfruitful works of darkness, neither in word nor deed, but rather reprove them."

19th

The year after, the young lad wrote thus to a companion:

"Norwich, 11th, 7th month, 1837. This is my birthday; nineteen years of wisdom have passed over my head, my boy. Well, if the next three years have not more stir in them than all the other nineteen, it shan't be my fault. By-the-bye, I became a salaried clerk to-day, with £60 salary the first year, and £100 the next. One thing is plain to me that we are all of us too much bound down by custom and by an enslavement to the common jog-jog way of doing things."

The late Sir R. C. Jebb, for many years a Professor in Glasgow University, one of the greatest Greek scholars of modern times, wrote to his sister Eglantyne on her 19th birthday—"Aug. 13, 1864. May your birthdays go on accumulating long after you have begun to think accuracy unnecessary in counting them." He himself was then twenty-three.

FOUR-and-twenty Black Teeth,  
Set in a double row,  
Four-and-twenty Black Teeth—  
God did not make them so.

Four-and twenty White Teeth,  
White as the driven snow,  
And wise is the Laddie  
That tries to keep them so!



### The Masons' Walk.

THERE was great excitement in our village when it was known that Colonel Younger was coming home from India for good, after an absence of nine years. He had married the daughter of a famous General, and she and their little girl and their two boys were now to see their ancestral home for the first time. During his absence there had been some changes on a property that marched with his on the north and north-east. Its owner, a young lord, had married, to his undoing, a lady who had what is called the privilege of entry to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, and to pay the money she and he had lost in racing and other forms of gambling, he had had to sell first his books—that is, the books he had inherited but never read—then his pictures, next a farm or two over which he had absolute control, and last of all the timber on his estate. The clearing off of one wood the preceding autumn had, to the surprise of everybody, opened up a view, from a certain point of the Colonel's property, of the firth beyond, a view of wonderful beauty, and one that nobody had dreamt of as being possible.

#### CHAPTER II.

"Won't the Colonel be surprised when he sees it?" the forester said to the head gardener one day when they were talking of their master's return. "What do you say to you and me making a little rustic summer house at the edge of the

Silver Wood, where the Colonel and his lady could sit and look at the ships and the sea and the land beyond? He hasn't learnt to smoke yet, I hear—a queer thing for a man so long in India—but he'll have lots of friends that will be good enough at it, and his lady could take her visitors there and read or knit and have a cup of tea."

"The very thing," said the gardener, "and we'll both do our very best, and we'll do it in our own time, so that we can say it is a little gift from us to his wife."

The forester and gardener were good old men, and clever with their hands. The wood was cut and fitted and stored in the joiner's workshop that winter, and then they made tables and chairs and seats of the most original design, but all of them most comforting and alluring to rest in.

#### CHAPTER III.

The Masons were twin boys, fatherless and motherless, from a distant parish, who had been boarded out with a childless couple in the village. They were nice laddies, and when the forester and gardener took their turn as elders at the "plate" on Sabbath days, they used to say to one another that it did them good to watch these boys. They had come from an unhappy home and had been sent to one no better, and yet there were no nicer boys in all the countryside. The boys took equally to the old men, for like draws to like, and in due time became apprentices to them.

## CHAPTER IV.

During the Winter of our story the boys used to sit in the joiner's shop at night and watch the old men at their task of love, helping them in every way they could. One night the forester had finished to the gardener's design a chair that looked liked an instrument of torture till one sat in it, and then one said—"This is the one chair for me!" Many a visitor took away a sketch of it in after years, and never rested—in both senses of the word—till he had one made like it. The little company were in great glee that night, and began to wonder for the hundredth time what the Colonel would say when he saw the bower and all that could be seen from it and in it. "It's a pity," said the gardener, "that the way to it through the wood is so rough, and there are one or two awkward ditches to cross. We must make a little bridge or two, if we have time."

And then the two boys looked at each other, and instantly divining his brother's thoughts the forester one said, "Could Willie and me no make a road in our spare time when the days get longer, and that would be a little gift from us to the Colonel's lady and her little daughter?"

"Let me see," said the gardener, "a hundred-and-sixty yards long—"

"Ay," said the forester, "that's as the crow flies, but it's no for crows the road would be made. None o' your straight lines through my woods, but a bonnie winding

path to show the trees off properly; two-hundred-and-twenty yards at the least; that's an eighth of a mile exactly, and people like to know how far they have walked."

"Well, say 220, and thirty inches wide; that's the minimum. I doubt you couldna manage it!"

"We would have four months to do it in, that's 120 days—"

"But you are counting the Sabbaths!" said the gardener. "But say 120, for they are coming easy overland, and it will be well on in May when they get here."

"That would only be two yards a day, and there are two of us," said the boy.

"Quite true, but you never made a road, and you don't know when you begin what you are letting yourself in for. There will be some big cuttings, too. Road-making I always reckon to mean four times as much as I expect it at the start. But if you are willing to do it in your spare time and think you can manage it, why then, begin it; only, if you begin it you must carry on to the end, else they'll say you are like the man in the Bible that began to build a tower and was not able to finish it."

"Yes," said the forester, "you must count the cost, but it's worth the doing; it's a fine idea, only you must let us give you the line to follow. And when it's made we'll get red blaise from the pithead to put on it—the Colonel was a terrible man for red all his days—and that will make it firm for bad weather. For they'll often want to come to the hut when it's wet, and folks that

have been in India so long will be a trifle delicate."

#### CHAPTER V.

So the road was begun, and finished, though, as they had been warned, they found it four times harder than they had bargained for; finished—all but a sharp turn of 15 yards at the end where it joined one of the main avenues. They say that in Russia when an officer is told to make a road, say of 40 miles, he sometimes makes three miles of it, and the Tsar comes and drives along a little bit of it, and, thinking there is no need to go further, approves the work, and the contractor builds no more but makes a fortune. But here it was different. The bit that was to be first seen was to be left undone. "And for two reasons," said the gardener. "First we don't want the Colonel to see it the first day he comes home; this is to be a surprise for him the second day. I've another reason, but I'll tell you it again. You can have the sods cut and everything ready, and we'll cover that bit up with brushwood, and you can get up at three o'clock the next morning and finish it in lots of time."

The boys were a little disappointed, and could not hide it from the people with whom they stayed. They, as usual, suspected some evil design. The gardener and the forester, they said, evidently meant to finish it themselves and take all the glory of it, the old hypocrites that they were; but they would write to the Colonel, and

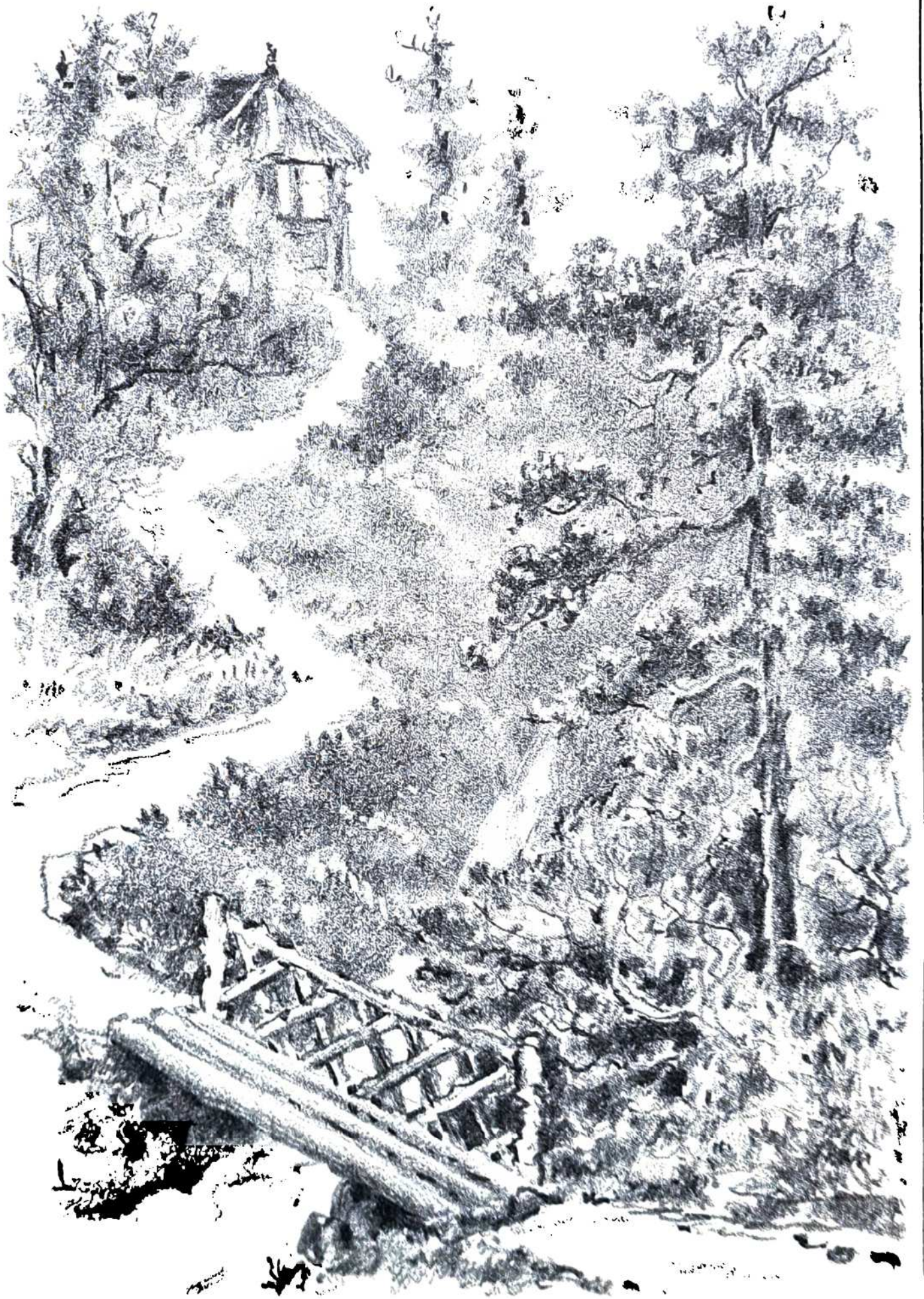
expose them, and if the Colonel didn't give the boys and them a ten-pound note, he was no man at all, etc., etc. The boys, however, felt sure the two old men had no such idea in their minds, though what the whole reason was they could not divine.

#### CHAPTER VI.

There is no need to describe all that happened on the day, the 20th of May, the Colonel arrived. But gloomy as the afternoon was, he and his wife and the boys and little Violet were determined to see at least the other main avenue and how the new lodge looked. And the forester and the gardener had to go with them for they were the friends of his boyhood, and he had much to ask. When they came to the place where the unfinished road was yet to make, the two old men loitered a little, somewhat unnecessarily as the Colonel and his wife remembered afterwards, and turned about two or three times to point out some things, but of course they said nothing. They only made sure that the Colonel and his family all got a good look at the place as it then was.

Next morning, after breakfast and family worship and the writing of a few telegrams, all the five set out to see the garden and the stables and the byres and the henhouse and the duckpond. But on their way, to their astonishment, they found a road where no road had been the night before!

What could it mean? How came it there? "That's better



magic than we had in India!" the Colonel said. "We must see the end of this!"

And on they went, and oh the darling bridges! and then at last the summer-house, and such a house! and "The Sea! The Sea!" they all cried at once, like the soldiers of Xenophon.

#### CHAPTER VII.

That night as they gathered round the fire—for Scotland feels cold to one who is newly from the East—they all agreed that the trick that had been played on them was one of the best they had ever known. And to think they could see the sea whenever they chose now! for the want of a water view had been the one defect the estate had always suffered from. "And we must call the road, The Masons' Road!"

"But we always understood," his Indian friends said when they came to visit him, "that Freemasons were simply an abomination to you like shepherds to the Egyptians. You haven't joined a lodge, surely?"

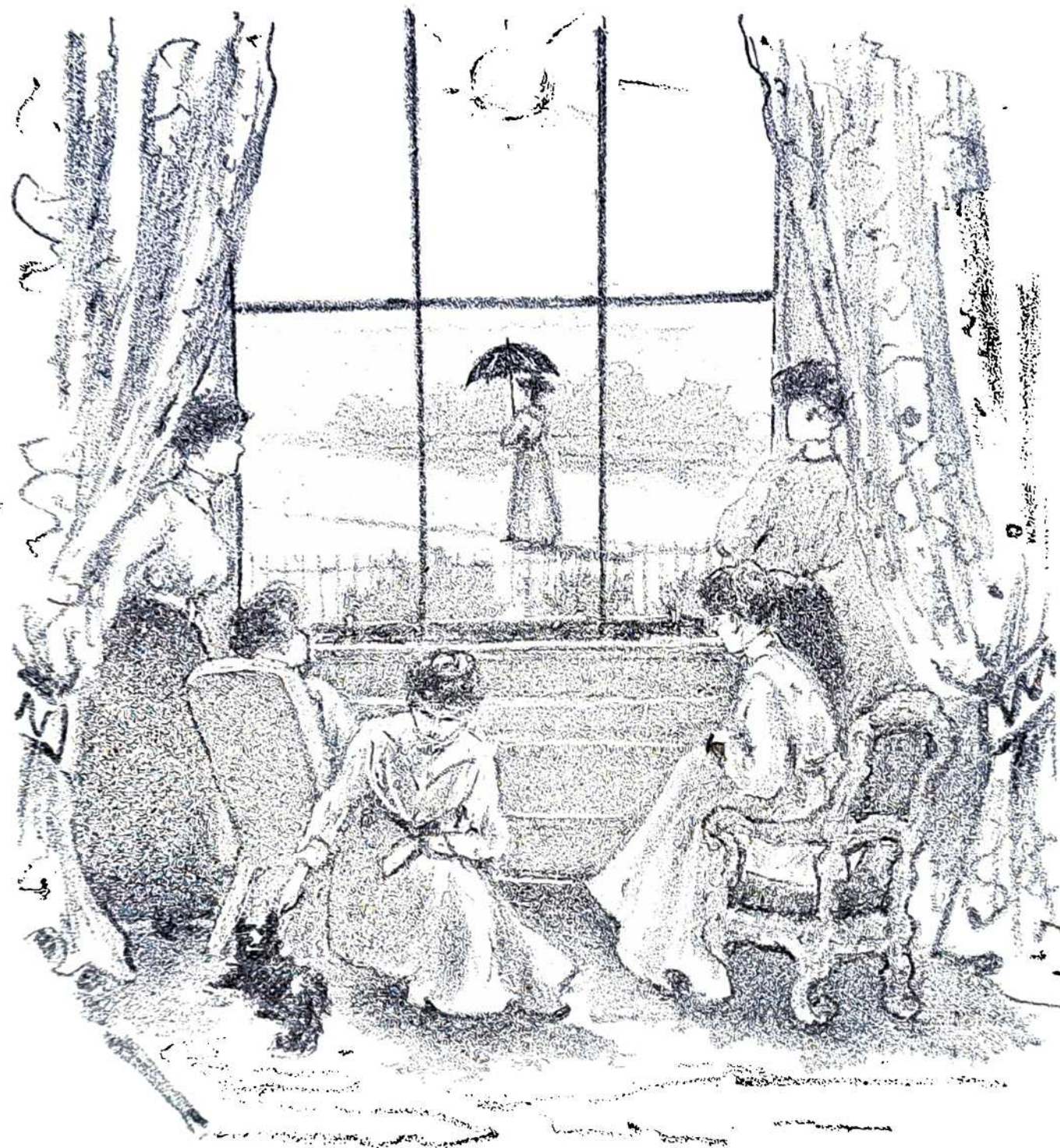
"No," the Colonel would say, "and by God's grace I never will. I have seen too many young fellows ruined by freemasonry! But the road has nothing to do with that fraternity." And then he would tell the story of the orphan lads.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

When their apprenticeship was up—they are big men now, but I have no time to give you their after history—and they were setting out

for situations in England, they asked the old gardener as they sat at a farewell tea with him what his second reason had been for not allowing them to finish the road when they wanted to.

"Oh! I can easily tell you that," he said. "I had once a young rascal of an apprentice who, if he rolled the lawn, or weeded a walk, always left one bit untouched, in order that people might see, by force of contrast, how much he had had to do and how well he had done it. Many an honest work has felt the same temptation. There are folks who see the finished work but never remember how things looked before it was begun, and they give no one credit for what he does. You two had worked hard, and if I had let you finish it, neither the Colonel nor his lady would have had any idea of what you had done. They would simply have thought that you had tidied up an old path, and I wanted you both to get full credit for all you did. But I didn't wish to put that thought into your heads! You had never been eye-servants, and I didn't want you to begin. But I'm glad they named the road after you. I have never forgotten how much it uplifted me, when I was a boy, to know that an old disused well that I had cleaned out was called after me, and the recollection of it has often helped me since. They still call it 'Melville's Well,' but to me it is Beer-lahai-roi, The Well of Him That seeth me."



### Reasons for not going to Church. 12th Series.—No. 5.

*Saturday was wild, but Sabbath was lovely, yet the Johnsons did not go to church because, just as the bells began, a lady passed their window with her umbrella up. She had simply put it up to dry it; it had been left all night in a stand with others and was 'soaking wet. Any other day, and at any other hour on Sabbath, one umbrella would not have been sufficient proof of rain, and fifty would not have kept them in if they had wanted to go out.*

1	S	Ye know that the summer is nigh. Know ye that He is nigh,
2	M	Even at the doors.— <i>Matt. 24, 32. R. V.</i>
3	Tu	Behold all the trees.— <i>Luke 21, 29.</i> "A tree contains more mystery of creative power than the sun from which all its mechanical energy is borrowed. An earth without life, a sun, and countless stars contain less wonder than a grain of mignonette."— <i>Lord Kelvin.</i>
4	W	The Lord God made every tree to grow.— <i>Gen. 2, 9.</i>
5	Th	Jesus Whom they hanged on a tree.— <i>Acts 10, 39.</i>
6	F	The trees of the Lord are satisfied.— <i>Ps. 104, 16. R. V.</i>
7	S	The trees of the field shall clap their hands.— <i>Is. 55, 12.</i>
8	S	That our daughters may be as corner stones.— <i>Ps. 144, 12.</i>
9	M	Every wise woman buildeth her house.— <i>Prov. 14, 1.</i>
10	Tu	All the women that were wise-hearted did spin.— <i>Ex. 35, 25.</i>
11	W	She seeketh wool and flax.— <i>Prov. 31, 13.</i> "My great-grandmother had 9 sons averaging 6 feet, and three daughters, one of whom could knit a pair of men's stockings—long ones, remember, up to the knees—in a day."— <i>Susan Warner.</i>
12	Th	As is the mother, so is her daughter.— <i>Ezek. 16, 44.</i>
13	F	Pride and prosperous ease was in Sodom's daughters.— <i>v. 49 R. V.</i>
14	S	Idle, and not only idle, but busybodies.— <i>1 Tim. 5, 13.</i>
15	S	O Lord, Thou preservest man and beast.— <i>Ps. 36, 6.</i>
16	M	Jesus said, Make the multitude sit down.— <i>Luke 9, 14.</i>
17	Tu	I was to them as they that take off the yoke on their jaws,
18	W	And I laid meat before them.— <i>Hos. 11, 3.</i>
19	Th	Doth God take care for oxen?— <i>1 Cor. 9, 9.</i> "In 1892 Lord Kelvin, finding a herd of antlered deer, which he had gone to see, settled for the night among the bracken, pleaded with us not to shout, 'because they had just warmed the place where they were lying, and it would be a shame to disturb them.'"— <i>Lord Kelvin's Early Home, by Mrs. King.</i>
20	F	A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.— <i>Prov. 12, 10.</i>
21	S	The word <i>Cattle</i> closes God's argument with <i>Jonah.</i>
22	S	The children of Israel had light in their dwellings.— <i>Ex. 10, 23.</i>
23	M	The secret of God was upon my tent.— <i>Job 29, 4. R. V.</i>
24	Tu	At the commandment of the Lord they encamped.
25	W	At the commandment of the Lord they journeyed.— <i>Num. 9, 23.</i>
26	Th	Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in.
27	F	Blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out.— <i>Deut. 28, 6.</i>
28	S	My lot.— <i>Judg. 1, 3.</i> "Better rue sit, than rue flit."— <i>Old Proverb.</i>
29	S	Taught of God.— <i>1 Thess. 4, 9.</i>
30	M	Ask the fowls, and they shall tell thee.— <i>Job 12, 7.</i> "The sea is deep, because it never rejects the tiniest rivulet."— <i>Chinese Proverb quoted in Geil's "Great Wall of China."</i>
31	Tu	I have learned by experience. (I have divined, <i>R. V.</i> ).— <i>Gen. 50, 27.</i> "So God made every person, place, and action to be my teacher."— <i>James Melville.</i>

June, 1910.

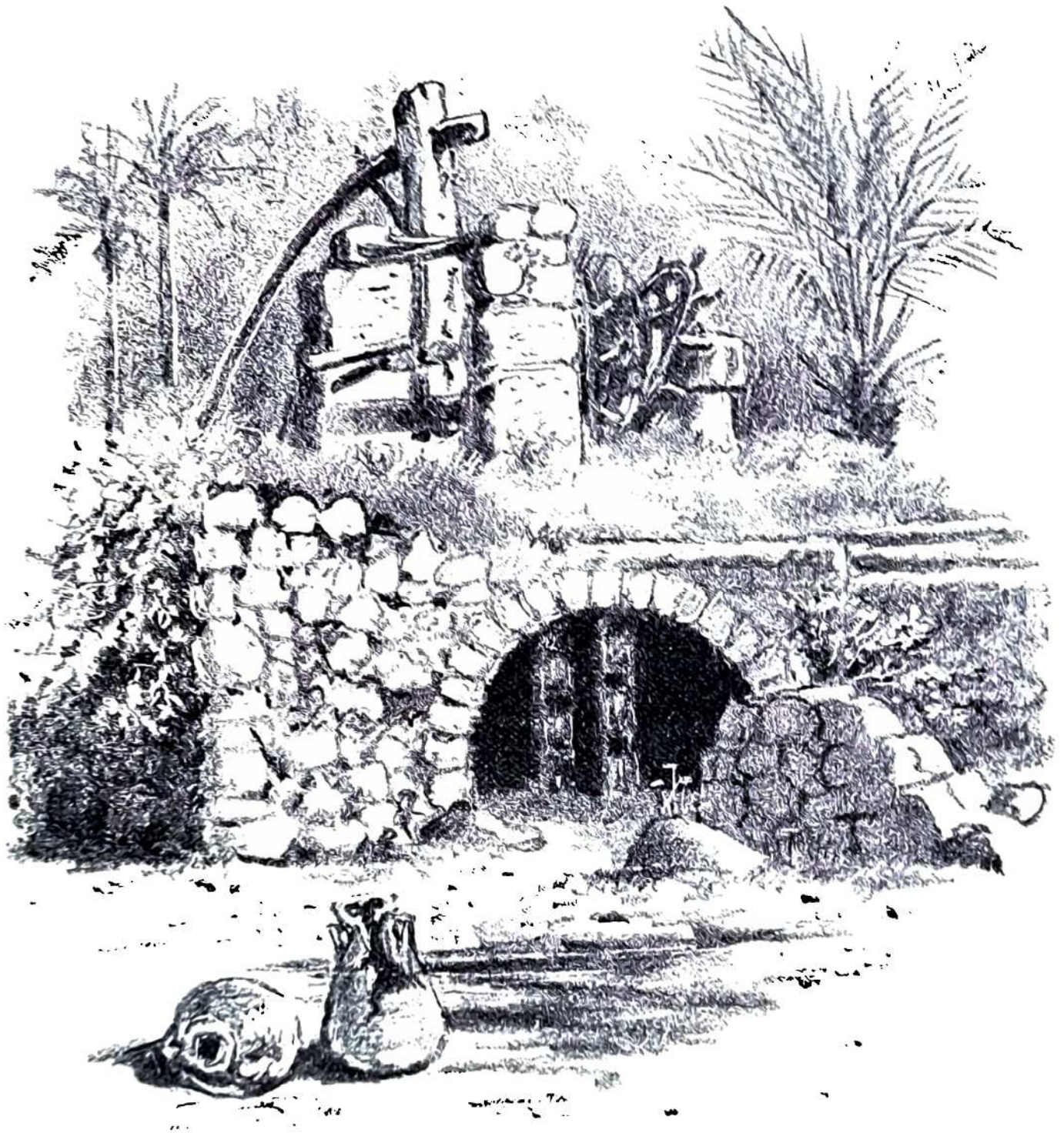
One Halfpenny

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIII.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 6.



*"The Pitcher broken at the fountain, the Wheel broken at the cistern."—Eccl. 12 6.*

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH"  
for 1909, Vol. XXII. Price, One Shilling.

—:o:—

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*Now the rest of his acts, and his prayer  
unto his God, and the words of the  
seers that spake to him in the name  
of the Lord, behold, they are written  
among the acts of the kings of Israel.  
2 Chron., 33, 18, R.V.*

---

IT is a striking fact that *king* is one of the commonest words in the Bible. It occurs, according to Dr. Robert Young's *Analytical Concordance*, nearly twenty-five hundred times. The only noun that occurs oftener, that I know of, is the word *man*, which is to be met with only two or three hundred times more. That fact shows, I think, how great a part kings play in history, and how true it is that "like king, like people," and "like people, like king."

In the Bible there are mentioned about two hundred individual kings, great and small, few of them good, and almost all unhappy. Most of them came to violent ends. Of no less than seventy—dismissed in one sentence—all that we know is, that one of the cruellest of the kings of the Canaanites cut off their thumbs and great toes and made them gather their meat under his table.

Kings and Queens, like ourselves, have a private history that is known in part to a very few, and known wholly only to God. And it is He who shall be their Judge.

As much as any men they need our prayers, for though they have special mercies they have special trials. They are never alone, yet they have none whom they can call companions. They are envied, hated, slandered, and they know it. And worse still, they are flattered and know it not. Most of us have had bad ancestors, but their evil examples, like their names, have passed into oblivion. But the sins and crimes of the ancestors of those whom men call royalties are writ large on the page of history, and the kings are few that can get any help from the memory of those that have preceded them.

"I exhort, therefore," says Paul to Timothy, "that supplications, prayers, intercessions, thanksgivings, be made for all men; for kings and all that are in high place."

Yes, we must pray for the King, and for all kings and rulers, as well as for all men, more than we have done in the past, and much more earnestly. From henceforth let our prayers find a place "in the rest of their acts," amongst their secret records, unknown to those for whom we pray, known but in part to others, but written before God, and written to be read and answered and remembered—remembered still after they are answered!

## Concerning Birthdays.

*When I became a man, I put away childish things.—1 Cor. 13, 11.*

*(Continued from page 52.)*

19th  
Birth-  
day.

A brother Minister showed me the other day a letter he got on the 11th January last, announcing the death of a young woman of singular loveliness both of mind and face, whose life for six years had been one long-drawn out time of pain : "This is Eliza's birthday, her 19th., and it is a happy one for her, for about 2 o'clock to-day she departed to be with her Lord."

Dr. Temple, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, wrote thus to his mother on his 19th birthday, being then a student at Balliol :—"Oxford, Nov. 30, 1840. You cannot think how much older I feel to-day ; I think the weather must have had a bad effect on me. I feel gloomy and uncomfortable at the thought of being so much older ; I see almost every one around me feeling less and less sympathy with their fellow-men as they grow older ; and I dread the same hardness stealing over myself. It was our Communion Sabbath yesterday, and I could not help thinking over how everything in my life had been arranged as if to force me to be everything good, and how little I have benefited compared to what I might have done ; and though the thought at that time rather tended to compose than depress me, yet now the gloomy side has been haunting me ever since. . . . Since I wrote the above I have been to evening worship, and I feel in good spirits now, though rather cheerful than merry."

The late Professor Henry Drummond's 19th birthday, 17th August, 1870, cast him, his biographer tells us, into a train of serious reflection : "May I never be too hardened to let these annual milestones sweep by unwept for ! In looking back on my past years I see nothing but an unbroken change of Mercies. Few lives have been as happy as mine. The rod of affliction may conquer many, but if I am subdued at all I have been 'Killed with Kindness,'—unmerited, unrequited, unsolicited, unexampled Kindness. What can I render unto God for all His gifts to me ? Alas ! I have rendered nothing, nothing but evil . . . . I think I can honestly say that the chief desire of my heart is to be reconciled unto God, and to feel the light of His countenance *always* upon me. As honestly I think I can say that God in His great goodness has given me little care for the things of the world. I have been enabled to see the extreme littleness of the world in comparison with the great Hereafter, so that the temptations of the former seem as nothing to the attractions of the latter."

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, 1855-1902, a distinguished American Teacher, in a letter to her husband says : "This morning as I sat at work Dr. F. threw open the door, led in an invalid girl whom he has been watching for several weeks, and said, 'Lizzie is nineteen to-day, and

19th  
Birth-  
day.

I thought she would like to see the pretty things you brought from Europe.' She has been holding the white lace dress in her lap all the afternoon. She cannot live through the winter. When she went away, she put out her thin hands and said, 'You have been very good to me. Won't you forget that you never saw me before, and let me kiss you?' Oh dear, how sad the world is! Why can't I put the white lace on her pretty form and send her out to find a lover like mine, and health and happiness with him?"

20th

"Friday, 29th September, 1786. This day The Princess Royal, Charlotte Augusta, daughter of George III. entered her 21st year. She came into the room with so modest, so composed an air, that it seemed as if the day with all its preparations for splendour, was rather solemn than elevating to her. The King gave her a magnificent diamond necklace . . . . but it is rather unfortunate that he has ordered a concert of music for her birthday, a thing which she professes to have no taste for and to hear almost with pain."—*Madame D'Arblay's Diary*.

"March 26, 1839.—To-day is my birthday, and I am 20 years of age. However joyful a birthday may be, it also brings many serious reflections to one's mind and reminds one of one's duties, and the many faults of which one has been guilty. May God pardon me for these, and grant that in future I may improve in every respect by His blessing, and become a good man, doing my duty towards God, my family and my friends, and the world in general. How time does fly! To me it appears almost incredible that I should already have arrived at 20: such, however, is the case."—*The late Duke of Cambridge's Diary*.

The Rev. W. H. Brookfield, who had been engaged for three years to Miss Jane Octavia Elton, youngest daughter of Sir Charles Elton, Bart., of Clevedon Court, wrote thus to her on her 20th birthday. He had written to her the night before, lamenting that he had "no pretty surprise of a book" for her, but adding, "But you shall have your bracelet:" "188 Piccadilly, 25th March, 41. Sweetest Lady, I must write a few words, tho' never so hasty, so shabby, so pithless. Yet I can say nothing that I wish to say. It is difficult to utter what lies deep—and cannot be done in such hurry as I am placed in. The day is as beautiful as day can be, and is hallowed to me by the sweetest and sacredest of all human appreciations. I wish I could see you . . . . I have but a moment left—but if it were the last of my life I must give you, my sweetest dearest Jenny, 10,000 blessings on this day above all others. Don't mope about being a year older. You are a year dearer to me—and even if you do not improve as much as you have done in the last 12 months will continue to grow dearer to me. God bless you—and both of us, and help us in all things—and chiefly in our efforts to become worthier of Him and of each other. Bless you, my dearest, sweetest lamb—much loved and really—most really much honoured also. Farewell. Yours, W. H. B."

Mr. Brookfield, "Old Brooks," was a life-long friend of Tennyson's.

**Halley.****Halley's Comet.**

**E**DMUND HALLEY, 1656-1742, was the first to prove what Sir Isaac Newton was the first to assert, that Comets like Planets go round the sun in obedience to the law of Gravitation. Before their time people thought Comets were signs of God's wrath, messengers of evil, coming no one knew whence, and going no one knew whither. Halley, having set himself to find out all he could about the movements of every Comet mentioned in history, concluded that one which he himself had seen in 1682 was the same as that which Kepler had seen in 1607, and another observer

in 1531, and that it would appear again in 1758. He knew that he himself would not live to see it, but he bade astronomers look out for it, "and if," he said, "it should return, impartial posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman." And it came in 1758! and again in 1835, and now in 1910.

Eight big planets go round the Sun—Mercury, Venus, our Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, and these make up what we call our Solar System. Neptune is the furthest off from the Sun, being 2,794 million miles away, but Halley's Comet, which was only 60

million miles away in May, will in thirty-eight years be 3,200 million miles away, and then it will begin to come back again.

A great distance ! but how small compared with that of the fixed stars, those we see twinkling every night ! The nearest of them, one called Alpha Centauri, is 25 million million miles away—more than 7,800 times the distance of the Comet—and its light, travelling 186,300 miles a moment, takes  $4\frac{1}{4}$  years to come to us. O how great and wide are the dominions of our God !



### A Lady.

*All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.*  
Matt. 7, 12.

#### CHAPTER I.

MRS. ROLLO'S children knew that their mother never broke her word, and that if she changed her plan it was not without good reason. When therefore she told them, one Saturday morning, that the trip to Blairmore, which she had said she would give them that day if all was well, was not to come off because something had come in the way, they neither cried nor sulked, and they put no questions, but simply said, "Very well, mother."

#### CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Rollo's next neighbours were three middle-aged ladies, Miss Dowson, and her sisters, Miss Phoebe and Miss Wilhelmina. They

were not rich, but they were proud. They belonged, it was understood, to an old family, but as their own friends never came to see them, and they were too proud to seek to know any of the people round about, they were very lonely, and very bitter and unhappy.

When they heard that their second cousin had come home from India to settle only thirty miles from them, they hoped he and his wife would show them some attention. But when two months, four months, six months, came and went and no word passed between them, they felt much aggrieved. It was hard to have a relative a General, and a Knight Commander of the Star of India, and nobody know it !

#### CHAPTER III.

Big as the world is, it is in some ways so very little a place, or rather, we should say, it is governed by so great and kind a God, that we are always meeting people and hearing things in utterly unexpected ways. Mrs. Rollo was therefore not a bit surprised when a lady friend told her on the Friday that she had travelled in the train the day before with a very handsome military-looking man, with the loveliest white moustache she had ever seen, and heard him say to his wife that it would be a good plan to call on the Miss Dowsons on the Saturday, if the day were fine, on the way to the Review. (A brother officer who was down with ague had asked him to take his place and conduct the annual inspection of the Boys'

Brigade in a town ten miles from the scene of our story.) "Now that we have a motor we really have no excuse, and as I have that engagement in the afternoon, our visit can be as short as we like." So much the lady could not help overhearing, for the General always spoke as if he were addressing a battalion.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"If any body with a motor were to call on us," said Mrs. Rollo to her husband that night, "I would like my neighbours to see the motor at my door, and I am pretty sure the ladies over the way would have the same feeling. I'm very sorry for them, and if you don't mind, we'll put off the children's sail for a week, and I'll take care to let the Miss Dowsons see that I am a witness of their glory."

"You are a good creature," said her husband.

"It's just what anybody would do," was her answer.

#### CHAPTER V.

But Mrs. Rollo got more to do than she anticipated. The Miss Dowsons had certain days and hours for doing everything, and when she saw the forenoon pass and no sign of the ladies in their greenhouse, she feared they must be ill. And so they were, poor creatures, for they had had "words" the night before, and each of them was ill with headache.

Mrs. Rollo, of course, did not know that, and had no means of finding out, but feeling that it would

be a disappointment to the ladies if visitors were to call and have to go away, she told the policeman on the beat to let the Miss Dowsons' maid know—without telling who sent him—that they had better be prepared for company, "grand company, too," he said, when he told the cook.

"And wasn't it quite providential," as Miss Phoebe afterwards said, "that the milkman and the baker called at the house early in the afternoon, a thing they had both been forbidden to do! And we were able to get in a supply of such lovely cream and such delicious cakes!"

#### CHAPTER VI.

At half-past two Miss Wilhelmina, who was on the watch, saw Mrs. Rollo and her children go down their little avenue to the gate. She was evidently going into town, but lingered a moment or two to say something to her children, and before she was done, there was the motor—and such a beauty!—and the General with the handsomest furs over his uniform you ever saw!—and his wife! and they were actually asking Mrs. Rollo where the Miss Dowsons lived!

Mrs. Rollo went on her way, but the children waited, and after the General and his wife had gone down their neighbours' avenue, they stood round the car and watched it and all that the driver did. They had never seen one so close before, and when the General and his wife came out to go away in great good humour after what he



called the ablest cup of tea he had had for many a day, the children looked so happy and interested that the General, finding they had never been in a motor in their lives, asked

them to jump in, all four of them, and he would give them a short drive! But you should have seen the glow on their faces as each one in turn was permitted to toot with

the horn—honk! honk!

How far he would have taken them I do not know, but when they came to what is called the Green Lamp, the boy said, "If you please, sir, will you let us out? Mother doesn't allow us to go beyond this lamp without permission."

#### CHAPTER VII.

The Miss Dowsons were in great glee that night, and for many a night after, as they went over all the incidents of the day in full detail. But nothing pleased them so much as the fact that Mrs. Rollo had seen it all. "Oh, but won't she be the mortified woman this night!"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

The General was back within three months. This time, when he was going away, he said, "I want to give those children next door a ride for a mile or two, only I must get their mother's permission."

"But we don't know her; she's not just exactly what one would call a lady."

"Don't tell me that," said the General. "There was breeding in every look and word and gesture—I never saw finer children in my life. And if you don't know their mother, it would do you good to know her, and the sooner the better. But, of course, I won't call, seeing you don't wish it."

#### CHAPTER IX.

The Miss Dowsons and Mrs. Rollo never met.

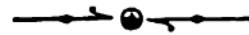
The Rollos went to another town

at the next May term. Three days after they were gone, the Miss Dowsons heard through their cook who it was that had sent the policeman and the milkman and the baker that day, that her mistresses should not be taken unawares.

"Well," said Miss Dowson, "that just proves conclusively what we said all along—that she was no lady. Such impertinence! It's a wonder she didn't send to see if we had spoons enough in the house!"

"And I quite agree with you," said Miss Phoebe. "No lady would ever have dreamed of doing such a thing. I certainly would not!"

"Neither would I," said Miss Wilhelmina, "but now that I think of it, it is just possible that none of us knows what a lady is! Didn't we all say that the coming of the milkman and the baker that day was perfectly Providential? and if a woman does what we thought only God would have done, I think we may safely say she's almost if not altogether quite a lady!"



*Cast up, cast up the high way; gather out the stones; lift up an ensign for the peoples.—Is. 62, 10. R.V.*

ABOUT seventeen years ago, during a time of strife in the Island of Samoa, eight or nine of the native chiefs were put in prison. While they lay there, Robert Louis Stevenson was very good to them, and when they were set free they showed their thankfulness by making a broad road for him from the

public highway. His house stood 600 feet above the sea level, and up till that time could only be approached by a narrow rugged winding path. It was no easy task those chiefs had set themselves, for the vegetation there is very luxuriant, and the shrubs are strong and sharp and poisonous. It took them several weeks, but they bore the whole labour and the whole cost themselves. It was their own idea, and they did it willingly and joyfully. When the road was finished and handed over to Stevenson, he caused a sign-board to be set up with the name on it they had chosen:

ALA LOTO ALOFA,

that is, the Road of the Loving Heart.

I said they made it all themselves, but there was at least one white man who helped them, a Captain Smith of the New Zealand steamship *Taviuni*. He was on his way to visit Stevenson when he came on the chiefs toiling away like good

fellows in the sun. He asked, and was told, the reason of their task; and the bluff hearty old sailor at once insisted on getting off his horse and felling one of the trees himself. "I must be in that, too," he said, with a genuine emotion, taking up an axe and plying it for half-an-hour.

All the good people in the world are ever busy making a highway for men up to God, trying to make it possible and easy for them to come to their Father's house. They do that in a hundred ways; by honouring God in their daily life, in their business and in their amusements; by teaching the young and by cheering and comforting the old and lonely; by shewing forth Christ's dying love at the Lord's Table; by helping missions and every other worthy cause in every way they can. And when you and I see the nobles of Israel putting their necks to the yoke, we must not simply look on and wonder and pass by; we should say, "*I must be in that, too,*" and lend them a helping hand.

### Reasons for not going to Church. 12th Series.—No. 6.

*This man took his little boy lately to see the launch of a battleship—by going an hour before the time he got a good perch between two uprights—and took him also to see the proclamation of the king's accession, because "there is no saying what impression may be made on a child's mind, and in any case it will be a satisfaction to himself and to his parents in after years to know that they did their best for him." But he doesn't take him to church—though the little fellow is always asking his mother what they do in the place his father sometimes goes to on Sabbath afternoons—because "he is too young to understand anything, and, besides, the church is nearly half-a-mile away, and he is no light weight to carry."*



1	W	When I have a convenient season . . . . — <i>Acts 24, 25.</i> “My boy Cyril had always the feeling that a little exertion (always so easy to-morrow) would at any time set everything right.— <i>Mrs. Oliphant's Autobiography.</i>
2	TH	He defineth a certain day, saying, To-day.— <i>Heb. 4, 7. R.V.</i>
3	F	Give diligence to make your calling and election sure.— <i>2 Peter 1, 10.</i>
4	S	While they went away to buy, the bridegroom came.— <i>Matt. 25, 10. R.V.</i>
5	S	Oh that My people would hearken unto Me!— <i>Psa. 81, 13. R.V.</i>
6	M	Return, ye children of men.— <i>Psa. 90, 3.</i> “In 1902, a messenger came to Leeds to tell me that the Amir of Afghanistan wished some one to take charge of some new leather-works, adding, ‘The Amir being a king, it would be beneath his dignity to ask you to return, but if you care to apply to him for the post you will be accepted.’”— <i>Thornton's Leaves from an Afghan Notebook.</i>
7	TU	All day long I have stretched forth My hands.— <i>Rom. 10, 21.</i>
8	W	And the Spirit and the bride say, Come.— <i>Rev. 22, 17.</i>
9	TH	Behold, I stand at the door and knock.— <i>Rev. 3, 20.</i>
10	F	If any man open the door, I will come in to him.
11	S	How often would I, and ye would not.— <i>Luke 13, 34.</i>
12	S	No man looking back is fit for the kingdom of God.— <i>Luke 9, 62.</i>
13	M	Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee.— <i>Psa. 84, 5. R.V.</i>
14	TU	In whose heart are the highways to Zion.
15	W	Passing through the valley of Weeping,
16	TH	They make it a place of springs. “The discovery of the North Pole means the victory over every obstacle of patience, persistence, experience (the chance to profit by past mistakes). That is its meaning to every civilized man.”— <i>Rear-Admiral Peary.</i>
17	F	They go from strength to strength.
18	S	Every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.
19	S	And God said, let Us make man in Our image.— <i>Gen. 1, 26.</i>
20	M	Adam begat a son after his own likeness.— <i>Gen. 5, 3.</i>
21	TU	The body of humiliation.— <i>Phil. 3, 21, R.V.</i> “Macaulay's appearance is vulgar and ungainly; a lump of more ordinary clay never enclosed a powerful mind and lively imagination.”— <i>Charles Greville's Journal.</i>
22	W	Why is thy countenance fallen?— <i>Gen. 4, 6.</i>
23	TH	Why is thy countenance sad?— <i>Neh. 2, 2.</i>
24	F	Thou hast filled me with wrinkles.— <i>Job 16, 8.</i>
25	S	This corruptible must put on incorruption.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 53.</i>
26	S	We are all here present in the sight of God.— <i>Acts 10, 33. R.V.</i>
27	M	Are here all thy children?— <i>1 Sam. 16, 11.</i>
28	TU	The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?— <i>Gen. 37, 30.</i>
29	W	Thy seat will be empty.— <i>1 Sam. 20, 18.</i> Halley, the astronomer, commanded a gunboat on the Atlantic for two years, and, like Peary, brought home all his crew, save one—a boy washed overboard. Of this incident he could never afterwards speak without emotion.
30	TH	And the sea gave up the dead which were in it.— <i>Rev. 20, 13.</i>

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIII.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 7.

"Say now 'Shibboleth.'"

*Judges 12, 6.*



These young Scottish theologians are settling the point as to whether the Shorter Catechism says the Sum of the Ten Commandments is . . . to love our NEIGHBOUR, or, our NEIGHBOURS. The upper boy says it's the plural, the under says it's the singular, each of them, especially the upper one, forgetting that the important thing in the sentence is not the letter S, but the word LOVE. But so did their fathers before them!

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH"  
for 1909, Vol. XXII. Price, One Shilling.

—:o:—

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XX., and XXI., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905,  
1906, 1907, 1908, may still be had. Price, One  
Shilling.*

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.  
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.  
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

### Naaman's Little Maid.

*2 Kings 5, 1-27; Luke 4, 27.*

THAT little maid is one of the finest and most wonderful characters in history; so kindly and forgiving that she pitied and prayed for the man that took her captive; so faithful in all she did, that, with nothing but her word to go on, her master set out on what many must have thought a most daring and

foolhardy enterprise. And how much history she made, nearly setting two kings and two kingdoms by the ears, a thing which many statesmen and politicians have desired to do and were not permitted! But she did better than that, for by her simple faith she made God do a thing which Christ tells us He had never done before!

When we read the first verse of this story we naturally lay weight on that word—but; we say, Every man has his *but*, some damp to his joy, some crook in his lot. "A great man and honourable," but, unfortunately, he was a leper! Yet there is no *but* in the original. The Hebrew simply says, "he was also a mighty man of valour, a leper." If we are to add anything to that, we ought rather to say, "And, by the grace of God, a leper." For his leprosy led to his salvation. So with us all. God means our *buts* to be the making, not the marring, of our lives.

### Concerning Birthdays.

*When I became a man, I put away childish things.—1 Cor. 13, 11.*

*(Continued from page 64.)*

21st  
Birth-  
day.

From the Diary of John Addington Symonds, critic and man of letters:  
"Saturday, October 5, 1861.—I am twenty-one to-day, the end and goal I have so often thought of. Up to this point I have been struggling, saying, 'When I am a man I shall do this, understand this, be great; now I am a boy, and from a boy little is expected.' The sum of intellectual progress I hoped for has been obtained, but how much below my hopes. My character has developed, but in what puny proportions, below my meanest anticipations. I do not feel a man. This book is an evidence of the yearnings without power, and the brooding self-analysis without creation, that afflict me. I am not a man. Papa gave me all De Quincey's works; Auntie, £5;

21st  
Birth-  
day.

Charlotte, Goethe's Autobiography and Faust, 3 vols. ; E. and M., a ring ; Ch. and E., a thermometer ; Aunt M., a bookstand ; Aunt Ch., a pair of candlesticks. Besides these, Edmond sent me some flowers, and Mrs. Buchanan a pretty pencil-case and key for my watch-chain."

When Lord Ramsay, 1812-1860, afterwards Marquis of Dalhousie, Governor-General of India, came of age, April 22nd, 1833, he laid down in his diary the course he meant to steer in public life. "I trust I shall ever be led to act solely by a consideration of what will most conduce to the interests and happiness of my countrymen, and that I shall hold on this course firmly, as unseduced by the false approbation of the multitude, as I shall be unmoved by their displeasure, and undismayed by their menaces and clamour. In my private life I will not profess (for what man dare promise?) but I will hope and pray that I shall ever be all that an honest and good man could wish to see me." Further, he records a fresh resolution to soothe his father's declining years and be truly a comfort to his old age.

Mr., afterwards Professor Sir Sterndale Bennett, the musician, wrote as follows, when he came of age, somewhat in the style of a young man of the day: "April 13th, 1837. Twenty-one to-day. Can hardly fancy myself a man, but I'll be hanged if I am not, at least according to law. Thank God for all things. I look back on my life and wish I had done much more, but nevertheless I have not been a regular scamp, and won't now if I can help it."

In the evening some friends entertained him at supper. "The cake on the table was illuminated with twenty-one candles, which, I believe, is a German custom. A jolly day altogether—Never come again—That's certain."

Thirty-one years after, writing to his son, he seems to take, as was becoming, a more solemn view of such a day. "My dear Jemmy, I must write you a few lines to send you my best love on your majority to-morrow. It will be a day of great interest to me and I shall think of you very much. What interest would your dear lost mother not have taken in such a day? . . . If you had not been such good children to me, I hardly know how I could have got through the last two or three years."

"To-morrow your manhood begins." So wrote Miss F. R. Havergal to a friend. "Whose shall it be? How much of it shall be for Him? Shall it be, still, 'Some for self, and some for Thee'? What if He had not given His whole self for thee? . . . Can you deliberately say, 'Well, Jesus shall have part ; I'll see what I can spare for Him after my boating friends, and all the things that a man must do, you know, have had their due share.' . . . Christ accepts no divided service. Won't you on this solemn, great, dividing time of your life, decide once for all, whose your real service shall be? Oh, if it might but be that the great joyful transaction might be done this very night, before the clock strikes twelve, so that not even one hour of your manhood should be 'for another,' but only and all for Jesus!"

21st  
Birth-  
day.

In January, 1841, the sister of Arthur Hugh Clough the poet, Miss Anne Jemima Clough, 1820-1892, wrote this prayer in her Diary: "My birthday. O Lord, I desire with all my heart and soul to do Thy will. I am often tired and weary of working, but I will try never to stop. If it is Thy gracious pleasure, I should desire to be able to do great things, if not, as seemeth best to Thee, O God." Later on, in that same year she wrote: "If I were a man, I would not work for riches, or to leave a wealthy family behind me; I would work for my country, and make its people my heirs." Miss Clough was afterwards the first Principal of the famous Newnham College for women at Cambridge. Miss Philippa Fawcett, who, in 1890, beat the Senior Wrangler at Cambridge by 400 marks, was one of her pupils.

On the eve of his 21st birthday, 18th June, 1855, Mr. Spurgeon preached from the words, "What is your life?" James 4, 14. On March 30, 1884, he chose the same text on the occasion of the death of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. After the sermon a gentleman came into his room and said: "I heard you preach on that text twenty-nine years ago. I was dreadfully depressed in spirit at the time; I was so melancholy that I believe I should have destroyed myself if I had not heard you preach that sermon. It encouraged me to keep on in the battle of life; and what is better it made such an impression on me that I have never gone back to what I was before."

"By-the-bye," wrote Henry Sidgwick on March 20, 1862, to his sister, who had been married three years before to Mr. E. W. Benson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, "I remember firmly resolving to write to you on the 20th of last month to condole with you on coming of age. Life is as yet smiling and flowery: wait, my child, a few short years till you attain the age of him who now addresses you (23), and the illusions will have vanished. This is an extract from my proposed letter; perhaps you are not sorry that it was never sent."

George MacDonald, the poet and novelist, sent his sister a little poem the day she came of age. Here are three verses of it:

Wouldst thou the holy hill ascend?  
Wouldst see the Father's face?  
To all His other children bend,  
And take the lowest place.

Be like a cottage on a moor,  
A covert from the wind,  
With burning fire and open door,  
And welcome free and kind.

Thus humbly doing on the earth  
The things the earthly scorn,  
Thou shalt declare the lofty birth  
Of all the lowly born.

*The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails well fastened are the words of the masters of assemblies.—Eccles. 12, 11. R.V.*

THE Eight-day clock is now 120 years old, and all that time it has gone on night and day, day and night, week in, week out, through fair weather and through foul, through spring, and summer, and autumn, and winter—and the winters long ago were very dark and dreary—ticking once every moment, ticking 86,400 times every day (how many is that in a year?), ticking altogether, though the number changes even while I write the figures down, more than three thousand seven hundred and eighty-six million times! Ticking away at the same jog-trot pace, without the refreshment even of a spurt at the close of the day, or a little gallop when the sun shines out after rain. Now and again when it was young, its owner would say languidly, "Yes, it keeps pretty fair time," or "good time," or "splendid time," according to his mood. But often months would pass, as Dr. Johnson said about the writing of his Dictionary in his letter to Lord Chesterfield, "without one word of encouragement or one smile of favour." Every dozen years it got a cleaning, and four times in its history it was stopped for a day or two while new cat-gut cords for the weights were being got. But it found standing still its hardest work.

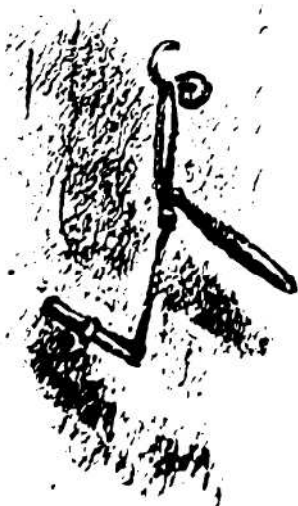
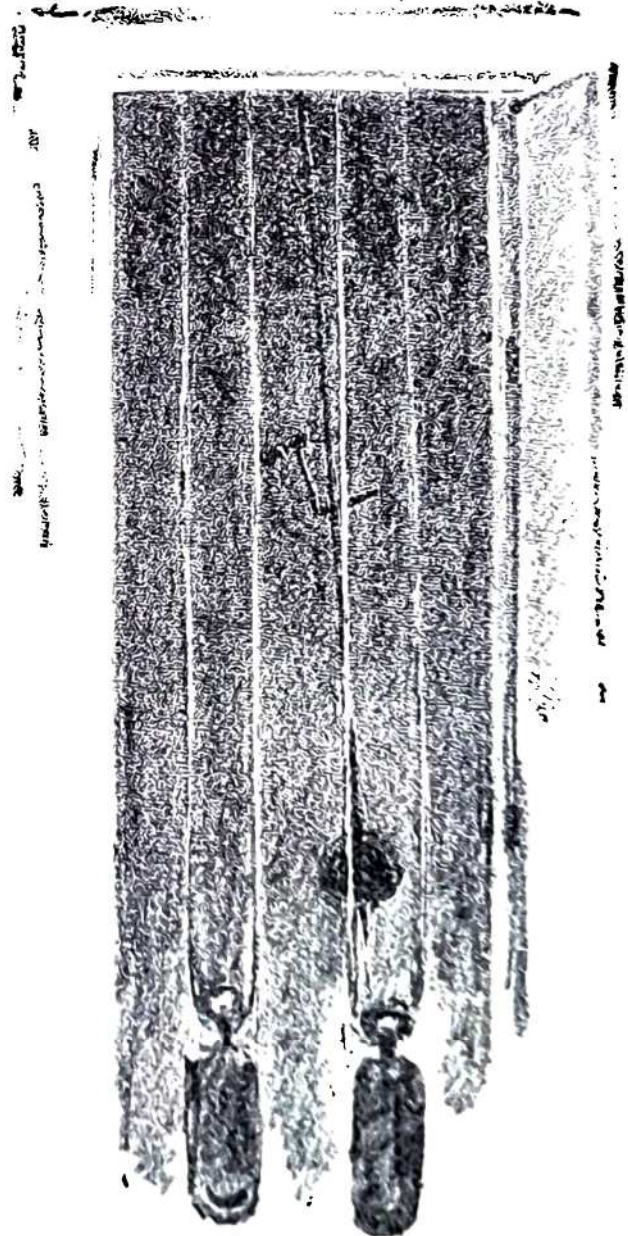
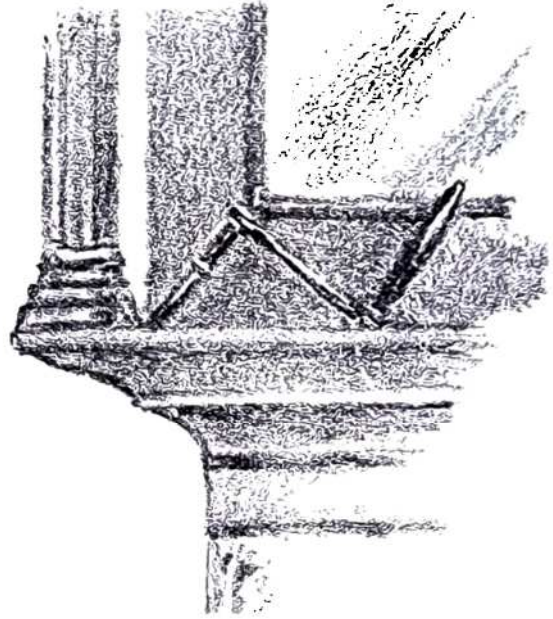
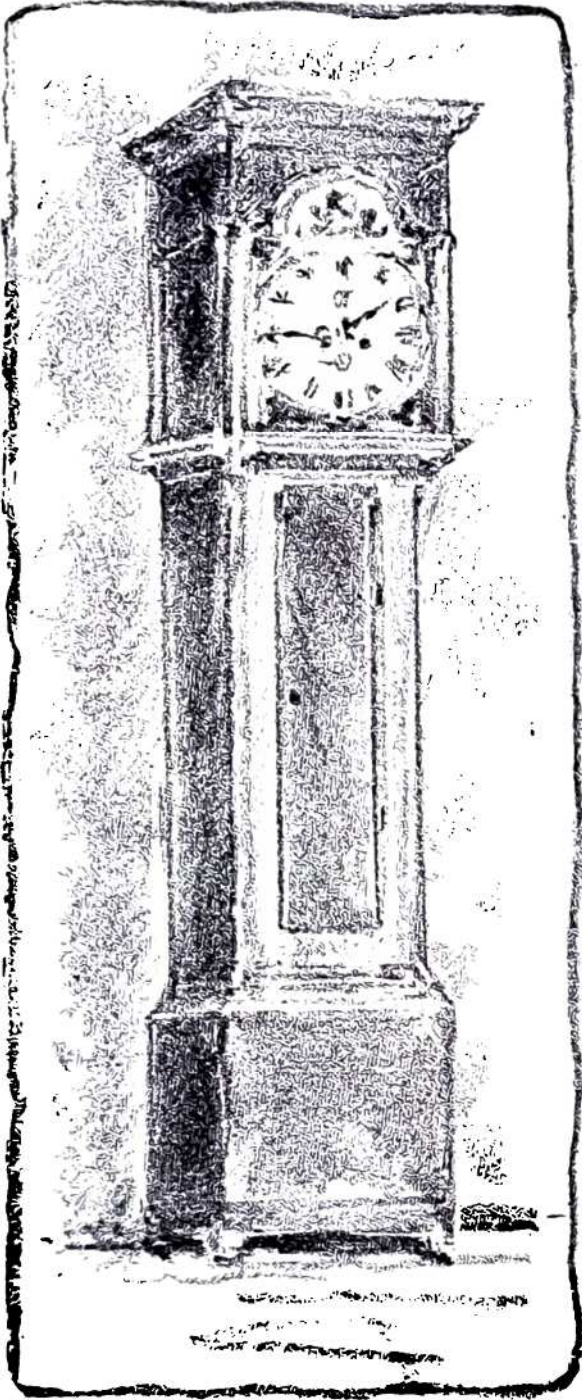
There was one other trial it had to bear. How soon it began to

have it I cannot tell, but I know it had it from 1830 till 1900.

The key for winding it up was left lying loose and very insecurely on a ledge that ran round the front and sides of the top of the clock, and every time any one came against the clock, or dusted it, or lifted the key to use it, the key fell down with a clatter, and people would say—"Botheration take it!" or whatever other idle sinful phrase they affected, and every time they said it the clock shivered, for to it to speak lightly of anything connected with time, "which is the stuff eternity is made of," seemed very wrong.

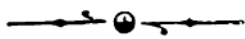
For forty years that trial went on, and then a new owner drove a nail into the back of the case in the inside, and when he was done with his winding, would leave the key resting on it. But before he could get the key to begin the winding, he had to put his hand in through the cords, and then the weights would whirl, and ten times out of eleven the key fell down into the bottom of the case, and he would say as he knelt to feel in its dark recesses—"There's that key down again! It's a regular nuisance!"

And that trial continued till the close of last century, when one day a joiner, a good and careful workman, hearing the master of the house say, "Hang that key!" made answer, "That's the very thing to do, sir!" and thereupon fixed a little brass hook inside the case and tied a piece of string to the key. Nine years and a half have passed since then, and the key has never once fallen



down, nor its master once spoken unadvisedly.

But the old clock still gives a shiver once a week when winding-time comes round, for a sorrow that has lasted for a lifetime is not easy to be forgotten. And oh how much sin would have been prevented if some one had only thought, a hundred years ago, of that hook and bit of string!



### "Influence."

*For God is not a God of confusion.*  
—1 Cor. 14, 33. R.V.

JOHNNIE REDSHAW was a nice laddie in many ways, and yet it was long before he got his first "place." He was ever applying for situations, but somehow or other some one always stepped in before him. His mother said it was because he had no "influence." "My boy has no one to speak for him, and, now-a-days, unless you have some one to speak for you, you may try and try as much as you like, but it's of no use." Several men who had been on the point of engaging him gave another explanation. "You see," they said, "we always like to see a boy's mother before we take him on, we like a bird out of a good nest, and we were rather taken with that boy, but when we called on his mother and saw her untidy house and her slovenly ways, we felt we really could not take her boy into our place."

Let me give an example of the way she managed things. One wet

night when Johnnie was getting ready for bed, he found that the loop of his boot lace had gone into a knot. He had heard or read somewhere that one's mode of dealing with a knot is a sure test of character, and had set himself therefore resolutely to undo it. But his mother told him "never to mind," he could do it in the morning, it was time he was in bed. And so to bed he went.

About nine next morning his Sabbath School Teacher called to say there was a shopkeeper, a very fine man, who needed a boy at once. He had just seen the notice in his window, but not a moment should be lost.

One of Johnnie's sisters set to at once to blacken his boots, and while she was hunting up and down for the polishing brush—a most provoking brush which was always going amissing—his mother began to try to undo the knot with a fork and ran the prong into her thumb. Presently the brush was found in the coal bunker and a dispute arose as to how in all the world it got there. The next cry was, "Where's the scissors?"—there was no time to be grammatical—ay, but some questions are more easily put than answered, and the knot like the Gordian one of ancient story had after all to be cut. And where were the new laces that were bought a week ago? "Maybe there's one in your father's good boots that will do," but there wasn't, and what was to be done? "Oh never mind, just put in a bit of string, and where's the piece of



sticking-plaster that was lying on the room mantel-piece?" Johnnie's collar happily was found at the first search, but his tie had to be got from behind the chest of drawers, the stick of the kitchen window-screen being broken, and one of his sister's eyes almost knocked out, in the process. But at last Johnnie was despatched, only to find that another boy, the first that had come, had got the place—the very boy he had seen running down the street when he was at the window unfastening the screen which had been awkwardly entangled in the cord that let down the window-blind.

After breakfast the members of the family went their several ways, Mrs. Redshaw herself going to call on an old neighbour in an adjoining street to tell her of Johnnie's bad luck again. "But you see," as I always tell him, "you are only a poor man's son, and you have no influence and unless you have some one to speak for you now-a-days you needn't try to get on. It's of no use."

Meantime some other things were happening. The boy who had got the situation had come back to tell the shopkeeper that a foreman engineer who had had his name on his list for four months had told his father there was an opening for one apprentice and his father had promised he would be at the works by ten o'clock. Just as he was speaking, Johnnie's teacher called to say that if the vacant situation he had seen advertised in the window was not yet filled up, he thought he knew a boy that would do.

"Well, sir, it was filled up, but it's vacant again, and if you can give me the boy's address I'll see to it at once, for I must get some one this forenoon."

When Mrs. Redshaw returned—and barely in time to get her husband's dinner ready—her neighbours told her a man had been calling who was needing a boy and he had gone up and down looking for her for more than twenty minutes, and had gone away saying he would have to get some other lad.

On the Sabbath after, Johnnie alone of the family was at church. His father could only find one of his boots, and the sisters had hunted in vain, one for a lost glove, another for her brooch, a third for her big new hatpin—she remembered she had laid it on the window-sill on Friday night, and it was pretty provoking that you couldn't lay a thing down in this house anywhere but it disappeared if you turned your head for a moment.

At night the sisters went out to look for the Comet—no harm in that surely, they argued—but if one can't find a hatpin that is only four feet away one need hardly look for a Comet that is 40. million miles off that has ceased to be visible three weeks ago.

As his father and mother were discussing why the fire had gone out—they blamed the setting sun for it, but the explanation was simply this, they had forgotten to put coals on—Johnnie suddenly said, "Do you know what the minister said this afternoon? The text was in the Psalms, but some of

the leaves were awanting in my Bible and I don't remember the exact words, but it was about promotion not coming from the north or the south, and he said that if we didn't get on we weren't to begin blaming and envying other people, but to see if the fault didn't lie at our own door, and if, after doing that, we did our very best and still didn't get on, we should feel that it was God's doing, and that it was done for a wise and good purpose, and that He was preparing for us something far better than what we had set our hearts on."

"Ay," said Mrs. Redshaw, "it's easy for him to say that, a man that has neither a wife nor a family, and got every prize he ever tried for at College, and has a salary of a hundred pounds a year," forgetting that her own husband's wage of forty-two shillings a week came to more than that! "No, he is like every other minister, he doesn't know what he is talking about. It's influence that does everything now-a-days, and if you haven't some one to speak for

you, nothing else is of any use. But, pity me, there's the fire out again, and we have scarcely sticks enough in the house to do to-morrow morning!"

"But, mother, I would have got that place last week if I hadn't broken my lace; I don't see what the want of influence——"

"I think Johnnie's getting sleepy," said his father, "it's time he was in his bed, and I wonder what's keeping these lassies! I don't think we are doing right in letting them out that way on Sabbath nights. There's bad influence in the world as well as good, and I'm beginning to think, Guidwife, that if our children are not getting on as well as they might, it may be because, because—I don't know exactly how to put it—but perhaps the reason is not that they have not good 'influence,' but that their parents have not 'a' good influence."

How great a difference that one little word *A* makes. Here certainly, at least, it justifies its claim to be first letter of the Alphabet.

## Reasons for not going to Church. 12th Series.—No. 7.

*These two lads had promised to go to church last Sabbath, but fortunately, as they said, found out late on Saturday night from one who pretends to know all that sort of thing, that it is not enough to have one's trousers TURNED UP at the foot, whether the weather be wet or dry; "the correct thing is to have them SEWED UP," so as to make it impossible for them to be turned down again. As their landlady refused to do that for them on the Sabbath morning, and it was out of the question for them to go to church unstylishly dressed, they were compelled to put on their knickerbockers and spend the day in the country!*



1	F	Jesus said, Come, and rest awhile.— <i>Mark 6, 31.</i> “I hope you will have a well-earned holiday: a landing-place before you go up the next flight of stairs.”— <i>Jowett of Balliol to Prof. Marshall, July, 1890.</i>
2	S	That our God may give us a little reviving.— <i>Ezra 9, 8.</i>
3	S	The Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp.— <i>Deut. 23, 14.</i>
4	M	Therefore shall thy camp be holy. “Took’-oo-mah, who won in the women’s race, had a choice between 3 prizes: a box of three cakes of scented soap; a sewing outfit, a paper of needles, two or three thimbles, and several spools of thread; and a round cake covered with sugar and candy. She did not hesitate. The meaning of cleanliness had dawned upon her—a sudden ambition to be attractive.”— <i>Peary’s Discovery of the North Pole in Nash’s Magazine.</i>
5	TU	Having our bodies washed with pure water.— <i>Heb. 10, 22.</i>
6	W	He made the laver of the mirrors of the serving women.— <i>Ex. 38, 8. R.V.</i>
7	TH	A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.— <i>Zech. 13, 1.</i>
8	F	The washing of regeneration.— <i>Titus 3, 5.</i>
9	S	Clean every whit.— <i>John 13, 10.</i>
10	S	Do not bear false witness.— <i>Mark 10, 19.</i>
11	M	It is reported, and Gashmu saith it.— <i>Neh. 6, 6.</i> “Great is the power of steady misrepresentation.”— <i>Darwin.</i>
12	TU	Denounce, and we will denounce him.— <i>Jer. 20, 10. R.V.</i>
13	W	This sect is everywhere spoken against.— <i>Acts 28, 22.</i>
14	TH	Deliver my soul, O Lord, from a deceitful tongue.— <i>Ps. 120, 2.</i>
15	F	I will not go in with dissemblers.— <i>Ps. 26, 4.</i>
16	S	Ransom me . . . Thou knowest my reproach.— <i>Ps. 69, 18, 19, R.V.</i>
17	S	Sir, we would see Jesus.— <i>John 12, 21.</i> “A college teacher should be at all times accessible to the undergraduates. He should make it a rule never to shut or close his outer door.”— <i>Oscar Browning’s Sixty Years at Eton, Cambridge and Elsewhere.</i>
18	M	Nicodemus came to Jesus by night.— <i>John 3, 2.</i>
19	TU	Jesus perceived that they were desirous to ask Him.— <i>John 16, 19. R.V.</i>
20	W	But Jesus said, They have no need to go away.— <i>Matt. 14, 16. R.V.</i>
21	TH	They uncovered the roof where He was.— <i>Mark 2, 4.</i>
22	F	Zacchaeus climbed up into a tree to see Him.— <i>Luke 19, 4.</i>
23	S	But Jesus said, Some one did touch Me.— <i>Luke 8, 46. R.V.</i>
24	S	Where have ye laid him? Lord, come and see.— <i>John 11, 34.</i>
25	M	Jesus therefore again groaning in Himself cometh to the grave.— <i>v. 38.</i>
26	TU	My dead.— <i>Gen. 23, 8.</i> Prof. Harry Rainy, Principal Rainy’s father, visited his wife’s grave every week for twenty-five years.
27	W	All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee?— <i>Ps. 35, 10.</i>
28	TH	Behold, I am alive, and I have the keys of death.— <i>Rev. 1, 18.</i>
29	F	O grave, where is thy victory?— <i>1 Cor. 15, 55-57.</i>
30	S	God giveth US the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.
31	S	My fatlings are killed, and all things are ready. Come.— <i>Matt. 23, 4.</i> “Don’t ask your guest if you may kill a fowl for him.”— <i>Chinese Proverb quoted in Geil’s Great Wall of China.</i>

August, 1910.

One Halfpenny

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIII.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

No. 8.



*"She thinks she can walk, and she canna!"*

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH"  
for 1909, Vol. XXII. Price, One Shilling.

—:o:—

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*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.  
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.  
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

*I will gird thee though thou hast not  
known Me.—Is. 45, 5. R.V.*

"SHE keeps you busy," I said to a  
young mother the other day,  
whose child would not suffer itself  
to be carried, and yet it could not  
stand alone.

"Ay; she thinks she can walk,  
and she canna!"

That might be said about us all,  
both physically and spiritually. They  
say that King Cetewayo, the Zulu  
warrior who annihilated the British  
forces at Isandula in 1879, trembled  
when he visited London every time  
he had to go up or down a staircase,  
and that indeed he could only do it

on his hands and knees. He was  
not used to stairs. So with our-  
selves. We walk without thought  
of danger or difficulty along the  
narrowest pavement. But if we  
were asked, on the calmest summer  
day, to walk a mile along a three-  
foot road with a precipice on either  
side, most of us could no more do  
it than we could walk across the  
street on a plank 40 feet in the air.  
We depend on our surroundings  
more than we know.

And this is even more true of us  
in spiritual things. Not one of us  
knows, till he is tried, how great a  
part of what we call our good  
character we owe to our circum-  
stances, to the restraints of home  
and civilization, and a mother's eye,  
and the pressure of our daily  
business. When these or any of  
them are removed, if God leaves us  
to ourselves for five minutes, there  
is no blunder, no folly, no madness,  
no crime, that the wisest and sanest  
and most level-headed amongst us  
may not fall into. "We think that  
we can walk and we canna." Lord,  
hold up my goings in Thy paths,  
that my footsteps slip not. For it  
is Thou that hast delivered my soul  
from death, mine eyes from tears,  
and my feet from falling.

## Concerning Birthdays.

*When I became a man, I put away childish things.—1 Cor. 13, 11.*

*(Continued from page 76.)*

21st  
Birth-  
day.

From Professor Huxley to his son, on reaching his 21st birthday:

"You will have a son some day yourself, I suppose, and if you do,  
I can wish you no greater satisfaction than to be able to say that he  
has reached manhood without having given you a serious anxiety,  
and that you can look forward with entire confidence to his playing

21st  
Birth-  
day.

the man in the battle of life. I have tried to make you feel your responsibilities and act independently as early as possible—but, once for all, remember that I am not only your father but your nearest friend, ready to help you in all things reasonable, and perhaps in a few unreasonable.”

“This is my birthday. 21 years of my life have passed, just as a shadow—sometimes bright, sometimes dark, but always for the best.” These words were written in her diary, on her last birthday, 14 March, 1861, by a Reformed Presbyterian servant girl, whose life was published in 1870 under the title, “Mary H——, by Dr. W. H. Goold.” She seems to have been a good woman, devoted to her master and mistress and their children, and greatly beloved by them in turn.

When the late Marquis of Dufferin came of age in 1847 his mother gave him a Silver Lamp with these words on it, *Fiat Lux*, Let there be light, and with it also these verses :

At a most solemn pause we stand.  
From this day forth for evermore  
My weak but loving human hand  
Must cease to guide thee as of yore.  
Then as through life thy footsteps stray,  
And earthly beacons dimly shine,  
Let there be light upon thy way,  
And holier guidance far than mine.  
Let there be light in thy clear soul  
When passion tempts and doubts assail ;  
When grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll,  
Let there be light that shall not fail.  
So angel guarded mayst thou tread  
The narrow path which few may find,  
And at the end look back nor dread  
To count the vanished years behind ;  
And pray that she, whose hand doth trace  
This heart-warm prayer, when life is past  
May see and know thy blessed face  
In God's Own glorious light at last.

These lines, in later years, he caused to be engraved on a tablet of gold and to be placed in a tower, which he made as beautiful as he could, on the summit of a hill, near Belfast, which overlooks St. George's Channel.

“On my twenty-first birthday, 8th February, 1840,” says John Ruskin in his Autobiography, “my father brought me for a present Turner's drawing of Winchelsea,—a curious choice and an unlucky one. The thundrous sky and broken white light of storm round the distant gate and scarcely visible church, were but too true symbols of the time that was coming upon us. I was disappointed, but at the same time I was entirely grateful for his purpose, and very thankful to have

21st  
Birth-  
day.

any new Turner drawing whatever . . . The same day my father transferred into my name as much Government Stock as would bring in at least £200 a year, and watched with some anxiety the use I should make of this first command of money.

"Amongst the drawings of purest quality in Turner's studio at this time was one I specially coveted, the Harlech, a picture of a Welsh castle and village and Snowdon in blue cloud. There had been a good deal of dealers' yea and nay about it, whether it was for sale or not, it was sixteen inches by nine, and there were many hints in the market about its being iniquitous in price. The private view day of the Old Water Colour Society came round, and at it, one of the dealers said to me, 'I have some good news for you, the Harlech is really for sale.' 'I'll take it then,' I replied, without so much as a glance at my father, and without asking the price. Smiling a little ironically, the dealer said, 'Seventy pounds!' . . . The mingled grief and scorn on my father's face told me what I had done; but I was too happy to feel for him. I took the drawing home, and after the holidays went triumphantly back with it to Oxford."

22nd

Henry Alford, who died Dean of Canterbury in 1871 in his 61st year, the man who did most to bring about the last Revision of the Bible, wrote thus in 1832: "In a few days I shall be twenty-two. I wish it were twenty-three, for I do so want to begin my ministerial course." In the Church of England twenty-three is the earliest age at which a minister can be ordained to preach.

*For thus saith the Lord of the men that keep My Sabbaths: Unto them will I give in My house and within My walls a memorial and a name better than of sons and daughters.*  
—Is. 56, 4. R.V.

#### CHAPTER I.

OLD Mr. Shaw who kept the little school on the other side of the hill seven miles away, and Miss M'Quoid who had five miles to come, and had more pains and aches in her body than any other three people in the countryside put together, were always the first in church on Sabbath. Of the nine who were always late, two lived across the street, and the other seven within a stonecast of the church. When therefore Mr Shaw came in one Sabbath an hour late,

we all looked at one another, and the minister, who had evidently been disconcerted at the sight of the empty seat, regained his colour and composure, and gave a cheerier ending to his sermon than we were looking for.

The Sabbath after, Mr. Shaw was again late. It was a young probationer who was preaching his first sermon that day, and in his excitement forgot the last two heads of his discourse, so that, to the joy of the young people and the still greater joy of the old folks, though they pretended to be displeased, we got out of church a "whole half-hour" sooner than usual. Mr. Shaw was so late that all he heard was the last Psalm and the benediction.



"We were all on short commons to-day, William," said one of his brother elders to him, "but I reckon you got none at all."

"You reckon wrong then," was the answer, "for I never heard that Psalm so beautifully read; it became quite new to me; and besides I got the benediction, and you don't call that nothing, do you? No, no; *satis viatici*, I have got enough to do me the whole road home; indeed I think I could go in the strength of that meat till my travelling days are done."

#### CHAPTER II.

Yet the poor probationer slept none that night, and slipped away from the village next morning while we were all sleeping. But a milk-maid saw him. "It had just struck five, and he had his bag with him. I was real sorry for him. I think a young preacher is to be pitied. If I had only thought of it in time, I could have given him a drink of warm milk."

#### CHAPTER III.

Ay, but what was it that made Mr. Shaw late? We didn't know at the time, but it was found out by accident afterwards. And it was this.

They were making a reservoir in the hills for the water supply of a big town 15 miles off, and a host of English navvies had been brought in to do the work. Great strong fellows they were, but many of them went wild with drink every Saturday. On the Sabbaths two miles of highway, along which the men passed on their way, backwards and forwards,

from the sheds in which they were housed, to the inn where they spent their wages, were littered here and there with sleeping men and broken bottles. What the old schoolmaster did for the men, not only on Sabbaths but every week-day, would take too long to tell. But I wish to tell you what he did with the bottles.

The district of which I am speaking lies in the south of Scotland, and is famous in our nation's history. Its roads were the joy of cyclists and motorists, though the navvies changed that for a time.

It was not only the sin of the living that vexed the old man's soul, but the dishonour that was brought on the noble dead. Not once nor twice only did he hear men say as they rode past some drunken man, "There's another descendant of the godly Covenanters!" And the sin those tourists brought on their own souls as they cursed and swore over their punctured and ruined tyres vexed him also. Specially did he remember the rage and blasphemy of a handsome Englishman whose salutation to him was—"That's twenty pounds of damage you drunken Scotchmen have done me this forenoon."

It was after that that Mr. Shaw determined to clear the road on Sabbath mornings. And if any of you have ever picked up all the fragments of one broken bottle, you can guess what it means to pick up the debris of twenty or thirty scattered over two miles of road. It was gathering these up that made the schoolmaster late though he had set out on his way two hours earlier

than was his wont. After two or three Sabbaths' experience he got on much quicker, for he made himself a little brush of twigs, and bought a little shovel which went easily into his coat-tail pocket. "I wouldn't be a bit sorry for these men," he said, "that go flying about on the Sabbath if a puncture, as they call it, cost them only a shilling or two, and if the accident could be said to be the act of God. But it costs them pounds, they say, and it's caused by whisky bottles. I'll sweep the road, not only for their sakes, and for Scotland's, but *for Thy sake*;" and then he repeated to himself George Herbert's famous lines:

A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine;  
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws  
Makes that and the action fine.

#### CHAPTER IV.

One Sabbath in the autumn of that year—the bottles had been unusually plentiful that morning—he met two gentlemen in a motor. They had lost their map and were in doubt as to the road. Mr Shaw told them, "though," he added, "I am not sure that I am doing right in telling you. You are doing wrong going about this way. The Sabbath was not given us for motoring."

"No preaching, please, but you might tell us if it is in this neighbourhood that a famous busker of fishing-flies lives; it's a name like Shore. We want to buy some from him."

"There is such a man, but you

needn't go to him to-day, and I'm not going to tell you where his house is."

"Well, I suppose if we had asked you to tell us where a public-house is, you would have had no objection either to tell us or go with us!" And so saying they set off, tooting their motor-horn derisively, and forgetting the exhortation which saith,

"Lift not your horn on high."

Mr Shaw's minister had been out early visiting a dying lad, and as he had a little time to spare, had sat down by the roadside to rest a little and think over what he meant to say that day. They would have passed by without noticing him, but the mocking sound of the horn's laughter in the distance had made him rise up. Here was a new chance to them. "I suppose," said one of the men to him, "that old man we met half-a-mile back is one of your flock. You do seem to raise a breed of proper hypocrites hereabouts. He has any amount of conscientious scruples, but I dare say he would have taken as much drink as we would have offered him."

"If it is the man I take it to be from the words you use, you are quite mistaken. There's no better man in the county; he—"

"Oh don't you begin to preach next; we have had enough of that from him already."

"But I *am* going to preach, and you had better listen, for I am afraid that what you have said is actionable, and you have said it before witnesses, and I have taken

the number of your car. That old man is a saint, and a scholar—he reads Greek with his feet on the fender, if you know the meaning of that expression—and as for your hinting that he is a drunkard, I'll tell you what he has done for some of your countrymen, and what he has done every Sabbath morning for you motorists, little as you deserve it."

As the minister went on with his story the two men began to be ashamed, and at last one of them said, "That's what I call not half bad! he's a good sort after all! but you see I was angry. We asked for the address of a man of whom we heard in England, a Mr Shore, a great busker of flies, and he point-blank refused to tell us!"

"And that's very like him, for he is the man himself! And I think you should send back an apology with me. I'll see him in church in a little."

"You must let us take the apology to him ourselves. I don't suppose, sir, you would care to drive with us, but we'll follow in a little."

"If you mean to come to church, we shall all be more than pleased to see you, but I fear you'll find it a little trying."

#### CHAPTER V.

But they went, all the same, and having asked the elder at the door to take them to Mr Shaw's seat, the two men, to the great wonder of those of the congregation who were already in church, went down the aisle to where the old schoolmaster was sitting, and, holding out their

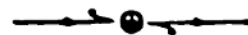
hands to him, said, "You see, sir, we have found out Mr Shore in spite of you, and have come to apologize to him!"

#### CHAPTER VI.

And the chauffeur was in church, too; only he went to the gallery and found out from some young fellows there that the old schoolmaster in his day had been the best wrestler in all that countryside and even yet was more than a match for most of the navvies who had come to grips with him. And the chauffeur heard some other things that day that he has not forgotten, and never will forget.

#### CHAPTER VII.

The young man, the owner of the car, has tried hard to get the old man to come and see him at his place in England, but has not succeeded so far. But he has spread his fame far and wide, and sometimes when he is out golfing or shooting, and taking a few minutes' rest for lunch, some of his friends will break the silence thus: "I say, Charlie, you might tell us that yarn about that proper old hypocrite you tooted your horn at in Scotland one Sunday morn."



*And Jesus spake a parable unto them, to this end, that men ought always to pray and not to faint.—Luke 18, 1.*

**M**OST of you have heard, I hope, of Dr. W. G. Grace, the greatest of all cricketers. He was great as a batsman, great as a fielder—and that is the best test of a good cricketer—great as the captain of a

**"Thinning" Turnips.**

*"When thou comest into thy neighbour's vineyard, then thou mayest eat grapes thy fill at thine own pleasure ; but thou shalt not put any in thy vessel."—Deut. 23, 24.*

side, and great, too, for some years as a bowler. Mr. A. G. Steel, himself one of the best players in England in his day, tells in *The Badminton Library* a fine story of Dr. Grace's kindness to him when he was a student at Cambridge. It was the first time they had met, and as Mr. Steel went to the wicket, Dr. Grace smiled, and said, "I'll get you out; I always get youngsters out;" and get him out he did, caught and bowled for 2. Next morning, before the second day's play began, Dr. Grace asked him to go with him to the nets at which the preliminary practising was going on, and, after saying that youngsters needed to know his bowling before they felt at home with it, proceeded to bowl to him for twenty minutes, with the result that in the second innings Mr. Steel made over 40 runs.

Dr. Grace, of course, was not bound to give his secret away in that fashion, and indeed some would say he was not justified in doing it. The two men were sure to meet as representatives of opposing counties on many a field in after days, and Dr. Grace had his own side and his own constant comrades to think of, but, all the same, to teach another how to beat him was

an unusually generous thing to do.

But, to compare heavenly things with earthly, is not that what our Saviour Himself by His parable was now teaching all men to do? He was telling us wherein His great strength lay, and how we might prevail against Him and bind Him. For it is He Who is the hearer of prayer, and He says the way to get an answer is simply to persevere—to take no rest and to give Him no rest!

Remember, further, that it is not only the Mighty God Who says this, but the God-Man, the Mediator, Who Himself in the days of His flesh not only offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears, and was heard, but knew also what it was to offer up prayers and not be heard, as in the Garden of Gethsemane, and on the Cross, and doubtless, too, on many another day and night throughout His life. Yet even when God refused to hear Him, He was giving Him more and better than he sought. And so will it be with us also. Our business is to knock and knock and to continue knocking, and He will open the door, or, if He refuses to open that door, He will open another that leads into a larger and a fairer room.

### Reasons for not going to Church. 12th Series.—No. 8.

*This lady has changed her mind, and is not going to church to-day, because her sister, who has just returned from London, tells her that in that dress she is "a perfect fright, a regular old frump—the skirt is not HALF tight enough to be in the fashion!" (I think her sister envied her!)*



1	M	The streets shall be full of boys and girls playing.— <i>Zech. 8, 5.</i>
2	TU	Ye shall gambol as calves of the stall.— <i>Mal. 4, 2, R.V.</i>
3	W	I felt as a child.— <i>1 Cor. 13, 11, R.V.</i> When Sir Richard Jebb, the great scholar, was twelve years old, he wrote : "I go to school next Wednesday. It cannot be helped."
4	TH	It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.— <i>Lam. 3, 27.</i>
5	F	And the child Samuel grew before the Lord.— <i>1 Sam. 2, 21.</i>
6	S	The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit.— <i>Luke 1, 80.</i>

7	S	He sent the people away glad and merry in heart.— <i>2 Chron. 7, 10.</i>
8	M	A merry heart is a good medicine.— <i>Prov. 17, 22, R.V.</i>
9	TU	He that is of a cheerful heart hath a continual feast.— <i>ch. 15, 15.</i>
10	W	I will hope continually.— <i>Ps. 71, 14.</i> "I had chosen men of sanguine temperament."— <i>Peary's Narrative.</i>
11	TH	Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer, for I believe God.— <i>Acts 27, 25.</i>
12	F	The singers went before.— <i>Ps. 68, 25.</i>
13	S	Why discourage ye the heart of the people?— <i>Num. 32, 7.</i>

14	S	I am a companion of all them that fear Thee.— <i>Ps. 119, 63.</i>
15	M	A worthless person winketh with his eyes.— <i>Prov. 6, 12-15.</i>
16	TU	He speaketh with his feet, maketh signs with his fingers.
17	W	On a sudden shall he be broken. "I find very little pleasure in looking at racing now, and a great deal of disgust at looking at racing men. Their important airs, and significant gestures, and half-wise half-cunning converse are more than ever revolting to my mind."— <i>Lord Broughton's Recollections.</i>
18	TH	My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.— <i>Prov. 1, 10.</i>
19	F	If they say, We will all have one purse. (Ask who's to keep it !)
20	S	An horse is a vain thing for safety.— <i>Ps. 33, 17.</i>

21	S	Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers.— <i>Is. 62, 6, R.V.</i>
22	M	Give Him no rest. When General Bertrand pulled out his watch at Fontainebleau, May 12, 1814, and said, "It is time to quit this place," Napoleon in a rage exclaimed, "What ! am I fallen so low as to be regulated by the watch of a fellow like you ?"— <i>Lord Broughton.</i>
23	TU	Awake, why sleepest Thou, O Lord ?— <i>Ps. 44, 23.</i>
24	W	I am poor and needy ; O Lord, make no tarrying.— <i>Ps. 70, 5.</i>
25	TH	It is time for the Lord to work.— <i>Ps. 119, 126, R.V.</i>
26	F	O Lord, how long ?— <i>Ps. 6, 3.</i>
27	S	O remember how short my time is.— <i>Ps. 89, 47, R.V.</i>

28	S	Jesus marked how they chose out the chief seats.— <i>Luke 14, 7, R.V.</i>
29	M	They love to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi.— <i>Matt. 23, 7.</i>
30	TU	Who am I ?— <i>Ex. 3, 11.</i> "It is four months since his father died, yet the Duke of Wellington's son still signs himself 'Douro'—not 'Wellington'—rather a good sign."— <i>Miss Mitford's Letters.</i>
31	W	Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours.— <i>John 4, 38.</i>



*Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.*

*Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., and XXII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.*

*Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Mensies & Co., Ltd.*

*London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

### Good Measure, God's Measure.

Πεπιεσμένον, Pepiesmenon, καὶ σεσαλευ-  
μένον, kai sesaleumenon, καὶ  
ὑπερεκχυνόμενον, kai huperekchu-  
nomenon.

(' is h, and χ is ch, and kai means and.)

—Luke 6, 38.

**W**E may be quite sure that such mouth-filling resounding words as those, especially the last with its seven syllables, mean something big.

Have you ever heard a woman, fresh from the country, describe the amazement she felt the first time she bought vegetables for the household broth in a great city? "Threepence for a small cabbage and a turnip the size of a plum and a carrot that would have gone into a thimble and a sprig of parsley that would not have gone round a doll's hat!" Changed times indeed from the days when she had a garden of her own, and could pull all these, and much else besides, fresh, and without stint, for nothing, and could supply her poorer neighbours in addition, and still have to spare!

If we may compare Christ with ourselves, does not an experience like that give us some faint idea of what He must have felt every time He heard the word *measure* used?

With God there is no such thing as measure. When He gives He gives without measure, for He gives all He has, and if we receive by measure, it is not in Him that we are straitened, but in ourselves. The oil stops, as in the story of the widow in the Second Book of Kings, not because God's store is done, but because we have not a vessel more to put it in. When a painter, in ancient story, refused to take all a King offered him because it was too much, the answer was, "A King cannot give less." Even so, an Infinite God, when He opens the windows of Heaven, and opens His Own Heart, cannot give less than—"There shall not be room enough to receive it."

When the Eternal Son of God took our finite nature, He was limited at every turn, limited in time, in strength, in money, and in a thousand other ways. Think of the long years when He was a Carpenter at Nazareth. In his dealings with men and women who gave Him work to do—how strange that thought is!—He, Who as God had made the Heavens and the earth, had occasion daily to use a measure like ourselves, but he used it royally, as it were, triumphing over it, giving, whether it was work done for others or paying others for work done for Him, not simply *honest* measure, but *good* measure, and with Him then, as now, and ever was and ever shall be, the cup He gives is not simply full, filled to the brim, on the point of running over, but actually *overflowing*, "huperekchunomenon!"

## Concerning Birthdays.

*When I became a man, I put away childish things.—1 Cor. 13, 11.*

*(Continued from page 88.)*

22nd  
Birth-  
day.

On July 15, 1823, three years before her marriage to Thomas Carlyle, Miss Jane Baillie Welsh (1801-1866) wrote to him as follows : "Yesterday was my (22nd) birthday : there is another year over my head and nothing, nothing done ! I could cry with vexation and shame,—if strangers were not coming to tea. Yours ever affectionately."

Sir George Grove, 1820-1900, a man who was good at many things, best known for his services to literature and music, began life as a civil engineer. To learn more of the practical side of his calling he came from England to Glasgow and served in Robert Napier's works. While doing so he was asked to superintend the erection of a cast-iron lighthouse at Point Morant, at the eastern extremity of the Island of Jamaica, a coast strewn with the wrecks of gallant ships. The Secretary of the Lighthouse Commissioners, when he met him, was dismayed to find a stripling "with no sign of whiskers." Grove's great ambition was to show the light for the first time on his 22nd birthday, and this he was able to do, by dint of hard work, on the 13th August, 1842. No accident of any kind occurred during the erection of the lighthouse.

To his sister who had written wishing him well on the completion of his 22nd year, John Addington Symonds wrote from Oxford, 5th October, 1862 : "Twenty-two years is a good age—an age certainly at which I ought to be better, stronger, more fixed in character, and more developed in organization than I am. If birthdays are of any use, they seem at least to remind us of such truths as this ; and so little by little we become accustomed to take our lowly places in life, and not to fret onwards for what is not to be . . . . The prayer that in youth we make for genius, wealth, and beauty, as we grow older, become prayers for peace, so that each year brings us nearer to the aspiration of Augustine : 'O Lord, grant us Thy peace. O Lord, grant us the peace of Thy Sabbath. O Lord, grant us the peace of Thy Sabbath which has no ending.'"

From Philip Henry's Diary : "27th August, 1679. A letter came from cousin Robert Boyser dated on Bartholomew-day, the 24th, his birthday as mine. He is now 23 years old, in which as to himself he takes notice of God's goodness with thankfulness, of his own badness with penitence, yet saying, 'I am now more likely than ever to bring forth some kind of fruit.' He died on the 13th September following."

"May 21, 1836. I have lived 23 years. Blessed be my Rock. Though I am a child in knowledge of my Bible and of Thee, yet use me for what a child can do, or a child can suffer. How few sufferings I

23rd  
Birth-  
day.

have had in the year that is past, except in my own body. Oh ! that as my day is my strength may be. Give me strength for a suffering, and for a dying hour.—*Robert M'Cheyne.*

On his 23rd birthday, 11th Jan., 1893, Mr. Frederick Tait—a young lieutenant in the “Black Watch,” or 42nd Highlanders, who was killed during the Boer War at Koodoosberg Drift in February, 1900—made what was then the record drive at Golf of 341 yards. He was “driving” to the 13th hole at St. Andrews ; there was no wind, but the ground was frozen. The ball carried about 250 yards before it touched the ground and then bounded and ran other 90. What made the feat the more remarkable was the fact that a short time before, his father, a distinguished professor in Edinburgh University, had proved mathematically, in a letter to a scientific paper, that it was impossible for a golf-ball to “carry” more than 190 yards on a calm day provided it was struck fair and true ! When he was told what his son had done he was very much annoyed—or pretended to be—and said, “Stuff ! Humbug !” He had not at that time made his discovery as to the effect of “under spin” on the flight of a ball. Happy the father whose son or daughter does what he himself had said no man could do !

There are many men who still love to speak of Mr. Tait—only they always call him Freddie—and they say he was “so strong, so good, so jolly, and so devoid of conceit,” in spite of his immense popularity and fame on the links. He was twice Amateur Champion. One secret of his success may be learned from the answer he gave to a question put to him by the Tsar of Russia to whom he was introduced when he was one of the Queen’s Body-Guard at Balmoral in 1896, “I took seriously to golf when I was eight years old.”

### The Raspberry Pickers.

*But many shall be last that are first ;  
and first that are last. Matt. 19, 30,  
R. V.*

#### CHAPTER I.

MISS Martha Singlewood was an English lady who had been settled for some years in the outskirts of a little town in Scotland. She had lent most of her money to her favourite nephew, a handsome lad with a winning way, “and he always wore such neat boots and gloves !” and with some people these cover a multitude of sins. Lending, nine cases out of ten,

means losing, and so it was with Miss Singlewood. She had a little piece of ground right round her cottage, about 1200 square yards in all, or nearly the fifth of a Scotch acre. There were two or three low trees in it, about 30 or 40 gooseberry bushes, some beds filled chiefly with roses, but it was her rasps she was proudest of. They had come originally from her old home in Kent, and there must have been nearly 200 bushes.

#### CHAPTER II.

In the season of our story rasps

threatened to be scarce, but Miss Singlewood's somehow promised to be better than ever, and well for her it was so, for she needed money. But how to gather them was the difficulty. She herself could not do it; lumbago had settled that. The raspberry crop is a lingering one, though lingering is hardly the right word to use of a harvest whose mercies are fresh every morning for five or six weeks on end. But there was only work for an hour or so each day, and no woman could be got to come for that.

## CHAPTER III.

"I know a tenement in which there are about a dozen children," said a young lady friend to whom Miss Singlewood had been telling her difficulty. "They have got their holidays, and if you asked them all to come out and do an hour's work, you could perhaps find one or two smart ones whom you could ask regularly. You would have to allow them to eat some as well as to gather, but if you were to offer a prize for the heaviest basket, that might keep them from eating too many."

And wasn't there great joy in that tenement when twelve children were told to come out next day to Miss Singlewood's and do an hour's work at picking raspberries? The lady would furnish the baskets, and would not object to their eating some berries, provided they gathered two for every one they ate; every child would get a penny, and in addition there would be a prize of threepence for the heaviest basket, and another for the cleanest picked, and perhaps

a third for anything specially meritorious that might occur.

## CHAPTER IV.

The children all turned up in time, most of them an hour before it, and waited till the gate was opened. Some of them had their mothers with them, amongst these being a little weak-minded deformed child known as Silly wee Hughie. That he should win a prize was, of course, out of the question, but his mother begged hard that he might be allowed to try; it would do him good; he could be put in a little corner by himself where he would be in nobody's way; she herself would show him what he was to do, and then she would go to the gate and wait for him; she could promise he would be obedient and would do no damage.

## CHAPTER V.

When the gong was sounded at ten minutes past eleven, the children fell to with a will. The young lady who had brought them kept order in the garden, while Miss Singlewood wandered slowly from room to room and watched the busy bees, and wasps, and drones, below her. And what a world of character there was!

The busiest pickers seemed to be two big boys. They were quick on their feet, they had a long reach, and, thinking of no one but themselves, pushed like the fat cattle of which Ezekiel tells us—ch. 34—and thrust with side and shoulder. One or other was certain of the prize for quantity.

Two girls accused a third of



---

stealing from their stores. They found her lifting their baskets ; she said it was only to feel their weight. They withdrew their charge—only to repeat it on the way home and

every day for a fortnight after—but meantime each of the three lost minutes that could not be recalled.

A fourth, Matilda Ann Joy, seeing she was beaten by her

neighbour, ate steadily for twenty minutes, and, as they say of golfers who find themselves early out of the running, "tore up her card," gave in an almost empty basket, and, saying she had the toothache, set off for home.

Ruth Bellamy, a little orphan English girl but newly come to Scotland, as neat and clever in her movements as a fly-catcher, might have won the prize for weight, I think, had she not happened to notice a blackbird, with bleeding wings and legs, entangled in thread that had been stretched over a gooseberry bush by which it had been caught. The prisoner's ransoming and her subsequent endearments and caresses, cost her full ten minutes.

But the hardest worker of all, and the honestest, was little Mary Sibbald. She ate only a few broken or imperfect berries, and one or two that were soiled with falling on the ground, and it seemed somehow so unkind to leave them there to waste!

#### CHAPTER VI.

Now I told you about the two big selfish boys. But I didn't tell you they were clever, too. For they both had mothers that prided themselves on being "deep." And *they* were deep! For, catching sight of Mary Sibbald's basket as they danced about, they saw that neither could compete with her, but that jointly they could beat her. So they put all they had gathered into one basket. But first of all, they looked this way and that

way, and every way but the right way, and that was upwards, for Miss Singlewood happened by chance to look in their direction and saw the whole manoeuvre. Then, seeing the fulness of the basket might excite suspicion—for, remember, they were *deep*; deeper than you have any idea of—they ate a good many, and put some in their pockets, and still had a fine show left. And then one of them, I think he was the deeper of the two, slipped cunningly over the dyke, so cunningly, for I tell you he was just no end deep, that only five people saw him do it. And it needs only *two* witnesses to condemn anybody!

#### CHAPTER VII.

At ten minutes past twelve the gong called the labourers to receive their hire. Miss Singlewood had struggled down stairs, and everyone, beginning from the first to the last, received, like the men in the Bible, each a penny. But the clever boy received two! And this is how it was.

He had made up a story—for I think I told you he was deep—to this effect, that the other boy's mother had come and cried over the wall that he was to come home because his father had been hurt in an accident, and here was his basket, empty—but stained. (He hadn't noticed that.)

"Well," said Miss Singlewood, "it was very kind of you to bring his berries with your own. Will you kindly give him his penny from me?"

Everybody meantime had for-



gotten Silly wee Hughie, for you see he had no chance whatever. But it is not the first time the weak things of the world have been chosen to confound the mighty, and so it was here. For the little creature, in a

perfect ecstasy of delight—the red colour had specially appealed to him and had stirred his soul like a trumpet—had worked without a moment's halt, and by his mother's orders, had eaten none!

He beat Mary Sibbald by half-ounce! But she got the prize for the cleanest gathering, and Ruth Bellamy the one for the most meritorious action of the day, for Miss Singlewood had seen her setting the captive free.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The happiest person of all that day was Hughie's mother, and as she carried her little laddie home she blessed God all the way for making her his mother.

And the two maddest people that day were the two clever mothers of the too clever sons. The boys had met immediately after the distribution of the prizes to divide the spoil, and they got into grips, forgetting the berries in their pockets, and fought and fell and rolled over each other again and again, and when their mothers saw the state their jackets and their trousers were in when they came home, they gave them what one of the mothers called a jubilee thrashing, such a thrashing as could only be twice in a century, but the sting of the thrashing was in the oft-repeated refrain, "and to think such a clever boy was beaten by Silly wee Hughie!"

As for Mary, Ruth, and Hughie, they were established in their posts, and like Ruth's great namesake in the fields of Boaz, they kept fast by Miss Singlewood to the end of the raspberry harvest.

## CHAPTER IX.

And it's gooseberry harvest now! and the three little mighties are still picking away.

## The Pavement.

*In a place called The Pavement, but in Hebrew, Gabbatha.—John 19. 13.*

I ASKED an old man the other day what his earliest associations with the word *pavement* were. He thought for a little, and then said that he remembered hearing a sermon about heaven one Sabbath when he was a child. "The city was pure gold, and the foundations of the walls of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones." When they came out of church the sun was shining after rain, and the various tints and colours of the flagstones, with which a place called Blythswood Square through which his way home lay was then paved, shone out so beautifully that he asked his father if the streets of heaven would all be like that.

An elderly woman to whom I put the same question said her thoughts carried her back to her first school days in a little country town. She had lived till then in a village whose side paths were made either of hard-beaten ashes with a grass border, or the egg-shaped flints that we call cobble-stones, and a pavement was a new delight to her. It was a place one could play the 'pever' on. And then there was the joy that all children feel of running, now with a long step, now with a short one, so as to touch the joinings of the stones!

To a mother the pavement is a safe place, where her children can play in peace. To an old person it means a place where he may walk at ease dryshod. To some it means a "slip on a slide,"

or on a piece of orange-peel, a broken leg, a fractured thigh-bone, six months in hospital, and a halting painful step to the end of life. In these and other ways one can see that an Essay on Pavements might be an Essay on Human Life from the Cradle to the Grave.

2. To a scholar it would mean the History of Civilization. He would tell you about the Romans and the Roads they built, that have lasted already 2,000 years. He would tell you, too, about parts of Africa where there are no highways, but only narrow beaten footpaths, along which men walk in fear and trembling, not knowing at what moment a wild beast may spring at them, or a lurking foe may shoot a poisoned arrow. Pavements mean peace, companionship, and trade.

3. But the text tells us, too, that in that common word there is part of the History of Redemption. Scholars tell us that wherever a Roman Judge went, he carried his Judgment Seat or Bench or Tri-

bunal with him, and that this Judgment Seat was set up on a floor or pavement made of various kinds of wood or marble exquisitely fitted, so that there might be about the Court and all its proceedings a certain dignity and majesty. These Tribunals, further, were always set up in the open air, before the eyes of passers by. When we read, therefore, that Christ was brought out to The Pavement, it means that the Son of God was once a "Prisoner at the bar," and this thing was not done in a corner, but before all men. How strange a thing it is that a man like Pilate should judge and condemn Him Who is to be the Judge of all! How much stranger that Christ should still be set before you and me every day, and when God asks us what we think of Him, some of us say, "My Lord and my God!" but others of us see no beauty in Him, and perhaps the most of us say, "I don't want to make up my mind about Him to-day; I will wait for a convenient season."

### Reasons for not going to Church. 12th Series.—No. 9.

*This lady attended all the Aviation Meetings at Lanark, and was perfectly enchanted. The high flying in particular fascinated her. But she dare not go to church, because, "Don't you know!—to enjoy a sermon or any public function properly, one must look at the performer's face, and to do that in our church, with its strong lights and its high old-fashioned pulpit, inevitably gives one both a headache and a stiff neck." (Notice how distinctly the Aviator's features and expression can be seen when his monoplane is 4,326 feet in air!)*



- 1 TH The race that is set before us.—*Heb. 12, 1*. “Your making a start at Eton is the greatest event in your life since you were baptized.” “The day of your going to school is the first great marked day of your life.”—*Mr. Gladstone's Letters to his son, and to his grandson*.
- 2 F John was fulfilling his course.—*Acts 13, 25, R. V.*
- 3 S He that endureth to the end shall be saved.—*Matt. 10, 22*.
- 
- 4 S Ye therefore shall be perfect.—*Matt. 5, 48, R. V.* “Bonnat, the French portrait painter, being asked by a pupil, who thought he had completed his drawing of a face, what he was to do next, replied, ‘Make it more like.’ ‘And then?’ asked the pupil. ‘Then make it still more like!’”—*The Practice of Oil Painting by S. J. Solomon, R. A.*
- 5 M So that ye come behind in no gift.—*1 Cor. 1, 7*.
- 6 TU The measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.—*Eph. 4, 13*.
- 7 W Reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord.—*2 Cor. 3, 18, R. V.*
- 8 TH We are transformed into the same image from glory to glory.
- 9 F United with Him by the likeness of His resurrection.—*Rom. 6, 5, R. V.*
- 10 S Glorified with Him.—*Rom. 8, 17, R. V.*
- 
- 11 S The gentleness of Christ.—*2 Cor. 10, 1*.
- 12 M Doest thou well to be angry?—*Jonah 4, 4*.
- 13 TU With a wrathful man thou shalt not go.—*Prov. 22, 24, R. V.*
- 14 W He that is soon angry will deal foolishly.—*Prov. 14, 17, R. V.* “If a cock ruffles up his feathers, it is easy to pluck him.”—*Burmese Proverb*.
- 15 TH A fool uttereth all his anger.—*Prov. 29, 11, R. V.*
- 16 F But a wise man keepeth it back and stilleth it.
- 17 S Cursed be their wrath, for it was cruel.—*Gen. 49, 7*.
- 
- 18 S The thick darkness where God was.—*Ex. 20, 21*.
- 19 M In peace will I both lay me down and sleep.—*Psa. 4, 8, R. V.*
- 20 TU Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.—*v. 4*.
- 21 W God my Maker giveth songs in the night.—*Job 35, 10*.
- 22 TH My sleep was sweet unto me.—*Jer. 31, 26*.
- 23 F Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.—*Gen. 28, 16*.
- 24 S When I awake, I am still with Thee.—*Psa. 139, 18*. “One of his grandchildren said she thought ‘grandpapa must go to heaven every night, because he was so happy every morning.’”—*The Life of Principal Rainy*.
- 
- 25 S I seek not yours, but you.—*2 Cor. 12, 14*.
- 26 M My son, give Me thine heart.—*Prov. 23, 26*. “When I took leave of my friends in Tokio, I refused all presents from my friends, save in the form of sincerely given promises. From those noted for drinking, I took a pledge of absolute abstinence from ‘the maddening water.’ About 40 granted my appeal for this somewhat novel kind of farewell present.”—*Ekai Kawaguchi's Three Years in Thibet*.
- 27 TU For now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord.—*1 Thess. 5, 8*.
- 28 W What is our crown of glorying? Are not even ye?—*ch. 2, 19, R. V.*
- 29 TH Yea, brother, refresh my heart in Christ.—*1 Tim. 20, R. V.*
- 30 F Ye are our epistle, known and read of all men.—*2 Cor. 3, 2*.

October, 1910.

One Halfpenny

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIII.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 10.



*"When you are always in bed, Grannie, how do you know when to say your prayers?"*

*Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.*

*Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., and XXII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.*

*Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.*

*London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

*I have set before thee a door opened.—  
Rev. 3, 8. R. V.*

**I**N France every year some books are "crowned" by the French Academy, a body of distinguished scholars. I wonder how many of the world's books the Angels would crown in a year. I think the Annual Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, for many reasons, would be one.

Last year, Mr. Darlow tells us in *The Book Above Every Book* (One Shilling, illustrated, post free, The Bible House, 146 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.), the Society published versions of the Gospel in six new languages, and they now sell

the Scriptures in 424 different tongues. "The Bible lies open, more or less completely, to seven persons out of ten who are alive to-day." Then very little remains to be done in that way, some will think.

When some one at a London dinner party, a number of years ago, remarked that the difference between an English and an Australian sovereign was a ha'penny, and a young man exclaimed, "A ha'penny! oh, that's not much!" Lord Rothschild, a little unkindly, said, "He does not seem to know much about large transactions." So, let us remember that if 3 out of 10 immortal souls do not seem many, the same proportion in 1,500 millions is a multitude the thought of which might make one weep.

The translation of the Word of God into new languages must surely be the noblest work on earth, and much of that is still to do.

I wonder if any boy or girl who reads this will ever win that crown!

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 100.)

23rd  
Birth-  
day.

On the 29th August, 1856, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the painter, wrote to the young sister of the lady to whom he had just become engaged, "Ah, Louie, I was so very glad you wrote to me yesterday, it would not have been quite my birthday without some memorial of you . . . By the bye, I am only twenty-three—a shocking old fellow I grant you, but not so hopelessly grey-haired as you thought me—no, I hope to be a very different kind of fellow when I am twenty-four, better and cleverer, and in everything advanced beyond this present: up till now I seem not to have done anybody any good, but when I work hard and paint visions and dreams and symbols for the understanding of people, I shall hold up my head better. It is so strange that this

23rd  
Birth-  
day.

time last year I did not know you. I spent the day with Morris and Fulford, and I remember we laughed and enjoyed ourselves as well as possible, making all manner of fun out of everything and nothing, as occasion seemed: and all the time I never dreamed that the circling of another year would alter all my destinies so much: now I love you all more than life."

In 1631 a friend wrote to John Milton, then a student at Cambridge, urging him to enter on the work of the ministry in the Church of England. Milton in his reply thanked him for being so good a watchman as to admonish him that the hours of the night pass on—"for so I call my life, as yet obscure and unserviceable to mankind—and with his letter, "that you may see I am something suspicious of myself, and do take notice of a certain belatedness in me," sent as some of his "nightward thoughts," the famous sonnet, one at least of whose phrases the most of you must have often heard:

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!  
My hasting days fly on with full career,  
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.  
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
That I to manhood am arrived so near;  
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.  
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
It shall be still in strictest measure even  
To that same lot, however mean or high,  
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;  
All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye

There was a godly Scottish lawyer, the late Mr. Cleghorn, Sheriff of Midlothian, whom I have heard described by his servants as all that a master ought to be, who learned that sonnet off by heart on his own twenty-third birthday. And so doing he did well. But do you better by learning it long before that far-off day comes, even though you cannot fully make out the meaning of every line.

On his birthday, 29th Dec., at the close of 1832, the year in which he entered Parliament, Mr. Gladstone made this entry in his diary: "On this day I have completed my twenty-third year . . . The exertions of the year have been smaller than those of the last, but in some respects the diminution has been unavoidable. In future I hope circumstances will bind one down to work with a rigour which my natural sluggishness will find it impossible to elude . . . I remember a very wise saying of Archidamus in Thucydides that "he turns out best who is trained in the sharpest school."

In 1833 he wrote: "Twenty-four years have I lived . . . Where is the *continuous* work which ought to fill up the life of a Christian without intermission? . . . I have been growing, that is certain; in good or

24th  
Birth-  
day.

evil? Much fluctuation ; often a supposed progress, terminating in finding myself at, or short of, the point which I deemed I had left behind me. Business and political excitement a tremendous trial, forcibly dragging down the soul from the temper which is fit to inhale the air of heaven."

"Alas ! Willie," says Hugh Miller, a great Scotch geologist and journalist, in a letter to a friend in December, 1826, "whether wise or foolish, we are no longer boys ; last October a note of my father's handwriting in the first page of the big Bible, which was once his and is now mine, informed me that I had then completed my twenty-fourth year. Since the first page of that Bible furnished me with a fact of so serious a nature, do you think it would be lost time should I spend a few minutes every day in considering the facts which are laid down in its other pages?"

*The Hour of Prayer.—Acts 3, 1.*

THE little fellow on the front page would wonder very much if he were told that his Grannie prays *without ceasing*. He would wonder more if he knew that a time will come, "one day which is known unto the Lord," as the prophet Zechariah says, "not day and not night," when through weakness she will not be able to pray at all, and then the Holy Ghost Himself will pray for her in her heart, and Christ will pray for her in heaven.

There are times, no doubt, when it is impossible for people to read their chapters, or to say their prayers on their knees. A captain, for example, may not be able to leave the bridge for sixty or seventy hours in stormy or in foggy weather, or a woman may not be able to leave her husband alone for a moment, for days together, when he is mad with drink. In such cases, *laborare est orare*, working is praying. But in ordinary circumstances it is generally possible to get a little time to shut the door and be alone with God,

and it is good for us to stick to a fixed time if we can. There are certain tasks in which the moral effects of an unbroken routine are very great.

Have you read *Tom Brown's Schooldays*? The first few nights after Tom went to school, there was so much noise in the room in which the boys slept that he did not kneel down, but went to bed and sat up in it till the candle was put out, and then he stole out and said his prayers in fear, lest some one should find him out. Then he began to think he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it didn't matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. Of course he soon stopped praying altogether. But, happily, he was put to shame by Arthur, a delicate little lad, who openly knelt down and prayed the first night he came to school.

"Tom was unlacing his boots at the time, with his back towards Arthur, and didn't see what had happened till the sudden silence

made him look up. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

'Confound you, Brown, what's that for?' roared he, stamping with pain.

'Never mind what I mean,' said Tom, stepping on to the floor, 'and if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it.'"

Next morning in the face of the whole room Tom knelt down himself.



### Captain Rundalls' Roller.

*And the sound of a driven leaf shall chase them; and they shall flee; and they shall fall when none pursueth. Lev. 26, 36, R.V.*

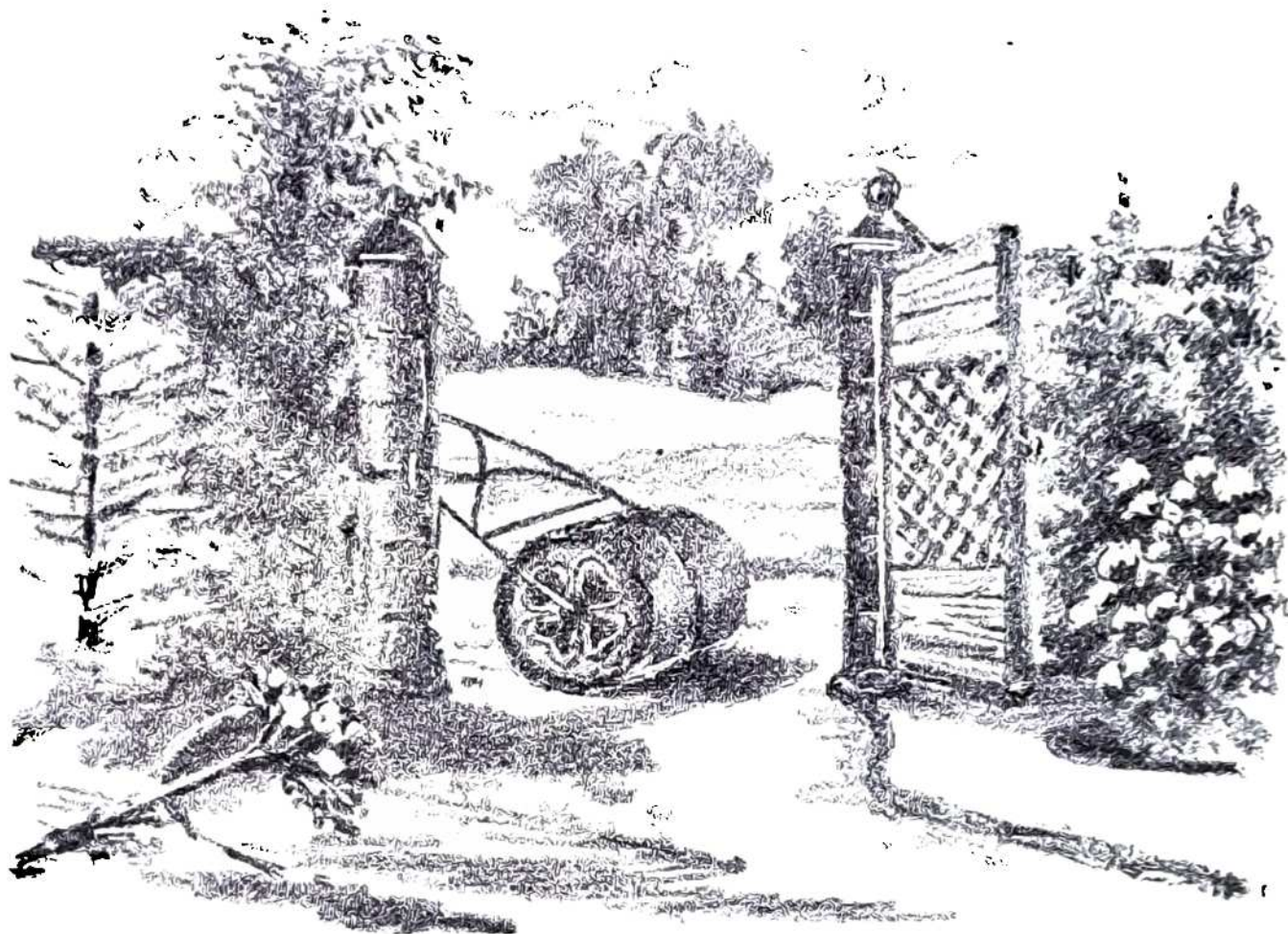
#### CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN RUNDALLS of the merchant navy had lived, ever since he gave up the sea, in a cottage in the outskirts of our town. He was a warm-hearted, fiery tempered, pernickety old gentleman, and a very picture of neatness. As for his garden, it seemed as if the weeds, alike the boldest and the most timid, felt it was no use trying to find a lodgment there. The quartz boulders of his rockery shone like marble after rain. The shells that stood in little pyramids were almost as sweet and warm and

dainty in their colouring as on the mornings he had gathered them on islands three thousand leagues away. And the lines of pebbles that edged the walks—Euclid himself in his best days could not have drawn them straighter. His tools he treated as wise golfers treat their clubs, with something like affection. And he housed them worthily in a little hut, made after a model that had caught his fancy in Japan a quarter of a century before. His latest acquisition, a garden roller with double cylinder, 2 feet wide and 2 feet high—it cost him £3 18s—he kept in a wooden cage with a tarpaulin covering. Like all else he worked with, it seemed to gather fresh beauty daily from his hands.

#### CHAPTER II.

On the first Saturday in September, when the holidays were over, there was to be a cricket match between two of our largest schools. A farmer, a member of the School Board, had promised to give them for the day the use of one of his fields. The ground, no doubt, was rough, but the boys, especially the bowlers, would have been quite pleased with it, had not the three Fergusson boys hinted that rolling would improve it no end, and they knew where a roller could be got. Captain Rundalls' housekeeper was away for a fortnight's holiday, and the Captain himself had gone to visit friends. The roller was voted a great idea, and forthwith every member of the eleven was bending forward and straining with all his might, tugging at an imaginary load, to



show how he would pull it. And they would pull it and push it up and down the cricket pitch a dozen times, twenty times, no, fifty times at least! Then, one of the boys having said he would be Ajax and sit with a whip on the pole and drive the chariot, there were presently many claimants to that honour, and fierce words amongst them. When the strife between the Aeacidæ was over, it was agreed that, as they knew the place where it was kept, the Fergussons should have the roller outside the Captain's gate at six o'clock; there their comrades would join them, and before they knew it the roller would be in the field and the pitch would be as smooth as the back of one's hand.

### CHAPTER III.

It is easy pulling a roller in imagination, even though like the Captain's it weighs almost four hundredweight, and one has many helpers, with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together. But the reality is different, as the Fergussons found on the evening of our story. When they had got the roller out—and in the process they had only knocked down one of the pyramids and smashed the three biggest shells and broken down two standard roses and dragged seven years' growth of a Virginia creeper from the gable and flattened a plot of choice begonias and scraped the fresh green paint from off the gate and chipped the stone work and

skinned their knuckles—they found only three boys there to help them. One of the three in his excitement could do nothing but turn somersaults, and that left only five to do the hauling.

The end of the road that led to the field was 500 yards away, and long before they reached it there was time and space for fresh adventures, and they had them to the full, but I must not wait to tell you of them. Their stiffest work was the getting of the roller up the last sixty yards. They managed it in the end, however, though it took out of them almost the last ounce of strength. It was now getting dark, and an eerie feeling came over them as they heard for the first time on the soft grass a strange rustling, creaking noise inside the roller. Whether they moved it backwards or forwards the sound was still heard. Then three of the boys suddenly remembered, one after the other, that they had promised to be home early, and the Fergusson boys were left alone. Cricket was nothing to them now; while the pitch was still untouched their one object was to get the roller home, for it was as plain as anything could be that they had broken it! they had twisted the axle! nay, they had split the roller itself in two! for they felt the seam of the division in the middle for the first time, and they did not grasp the mystery of the double cylinder!

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was nine o'clock when the three brave little fellows, with their

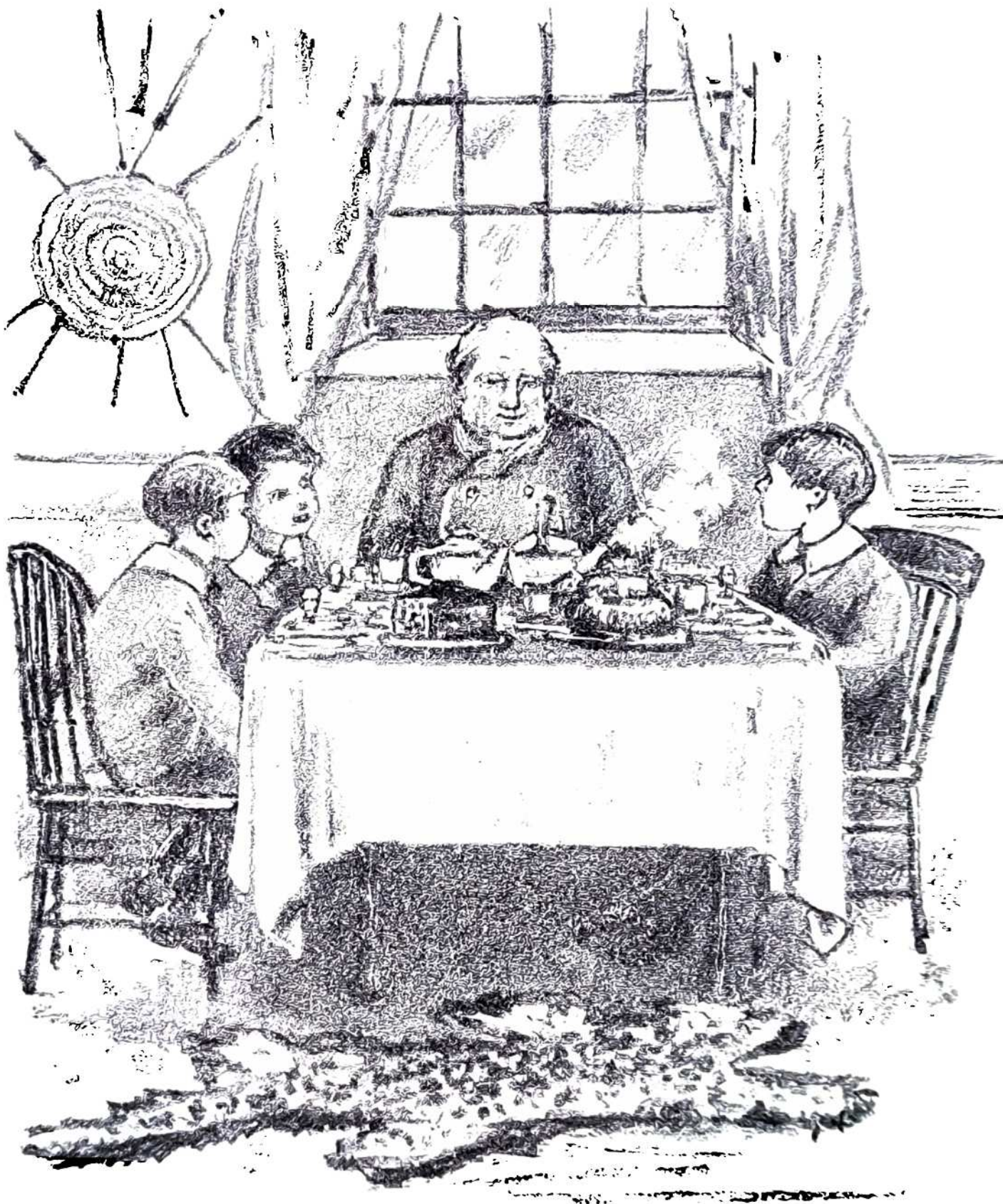
hearts in their mouths, got the roller inside the garden gate again.

They were up by seven next morning to bestow it in its place. But first of all they looked to see what damage they had done to it. The roller *was* in two halves—no doubt of that—but they saw that was the way it was built, and so far all was well. And the axle-tree was as straight and strong as ever. But—inside there was a big, dry, crumpled, rough-edged, withered *leaf*, and *that* was the secret of the rustling and the creaking.

#### CHAPTER V.

I don't suppose you want to hear about the cricket match? The players were so excited over their game that they never noticed the unevenness of the pitch. Even the Fergussons forgot, for a time, the previous night's adventures. But when the day was over and Sabbath came, they remembered some of the things they had done, and trembled a little as they thought of the Captain's home-coming. He was their near neighbour, and was pretty sure to see his roller had been dumped about a little. What if he suspected them?

And he was not long in seeing it, and seeing all else that had been done. Yet I don't think he would have blamed the boys had not conscience made cowards of them all. For though it was their custom to come and see him almost daily, specially in the gooseberry season—and then it was astonishing how often their ball came over his wall by the purest accident—they



kept out of his way for a whole fortnight. And now the gooseberries were all done, and the Captain, who had recovered his equanimity, saw

they had been punished enough. He was longing to see them, too, and therefore he must have them in to tea.

## CHAPTER VI.

When the invitation came the boys looked at one another, as Jacob noticed his sons do whenever going to Egypt was spoken of. But all the same they went, and the Captain never said or hinted a reproachful word, so that the boys, again like Joseph's brethren, dismissed their fears, and marvelled one with another, and ate, and drank, and were merry with him.

For he told them some stories of the sea, but the one they liked best was his escape from drowning in a mountainous surf in the roadstead of Madras. They had noticed in his parlour a model of a catamaran, and it was in answer to their questions that he told them the tale. But the tale had unexpectedly a sting in it!

"How high would the rollers be?"

"About twenty feet," he said, "and I tell you," he added, "the man that has to tackle a roller like that, *or even a smaller one*, would need to have all his wits about him, but I daresay you boys know that already without my telling you!"



*The former troubles are forgotten.—Is. 65, 16.*

IT is a year ago to-day, October 1st, since Peary's ship, the *Roosevelt*, steamed up the river Hudson on her return from the North Pole, "receiving such a welcome," says her Commander, "that I forgot the long years of hardships and labour and loneliness that were behind me, and remembered only that I was an American, returning at last to lay at

the feet of my country a trophy which had been the dream and object of some of the best men of almost every civilized nation for nearly four centuries."

It was indeed a magnificent welcome, such as perhaps no man ever received in the world's history. The people of America generally, and of New York in particular, were celebrating at that time the tercentenary of the exploration of the Hudson, so named after the great sailor, Henry Hudson, and also the centenary of Robert Fulton's first successful experiment in steamboat navigation, made on the same river in 1807. Besides exact models of Hudson's ship the *Half Moon* and Fulton's ship the *Clermont*, there were gathered together, for a series of processions and parades, fifty-seven men-of-war, representing the navies of Britain, Germany, France, Italy, Holland, Mexico, Argentina, and the United States, bearing 28,000 officers and men, and armed with 1,897 guns. There were also squadrons of merchant ships, tugs, yachts, ferry-boats, so many in number that they made a column fifteen miles long. And when one remembers that in America they have studied the art of making noise—every college, for example, has a "yell" of its own which its students assiduously practise—one may guess the uproar made that day by great guns and cannon, steam horns and whistles, and shrieking sirens, and the shoutings of four millions of spectators, when the ship appeared whose crew had, in their leader's words, "nailed the

Stars and Stripes to the North Pole." So many were the salutes the *Roosevelt* had to answer, says an old San Francisco newspaper that I have before me, that her chief engineer sent up a message from the engine-room to Captain Bartlett on the bridge "that he would not have steam enough to move the vessel unless they stopped her whistle!"

Truly a great welcome, yet how many were its drawbacks! How few saw Peary and his comrades clearly, how few did they see in return, eye to eye! How soon the pageant ended! yet how exhausting its excitement and unmelodious din! And how maddening, through it all, the thought that another man claimed to have forestalled him in his prize! No wonder the hero of the day, when all was over, told those who gathered round him that he was too hungry and too tired to talk.

Compare with all this the welcome that the redeemed will get and give in heaven. Multitudes that no man can number, yet every one will see and be seen, will know as also he is known. Think of the greatness of their achievements. No envy, no detraction, no suspicion, no fading of their glory. Think of the songs, and the instruments of music such as only God can make for them that shall praise Him with every power and faculty, with "all that in them is." Think of the new enterprises and happy adventures that await the saints eternally. And Christ the centre of it all!

Dr. Andrew Bonar once said he thought that those words—"The former troubles are forgotten"—would be a good text for one's first sermon in heaven. Yet surely the first note there will be based on a better word and more glorious emotion than "forgetfulness!"

## Reasons for not going to Church. 12th Series.—No. 10.

*This man, who is slowly recovering from an accident, has been causing great merriment for more than an hour to more than 7,000 spectators at a football match by his boisterous enthusiasm as he stands on the top of a ten-foot wall. He says it is every man's duty to encourage those in whom he is interested.*

*But when he is told that his going to Church would encourage the minister and his little handful of people, he says that one more or less in Church would never be noticed. And besides, he is very sensitive, and a person with a crutch and a bandaged head would attract too much attention. And lastly, anyone with a particle of sense might see that in his present state of health he is barely able to crawl the length of himself.*



1	S	The wind bloweth, and thou hearest the voice thereof.— <i>John 3, 8, R.V.</i> “Autumn has written his rubric on the illuminated leaves. The wind turns them over and chants.”— <i>Longfellow's Diary, 1 Oct., 1838.</i>
2	S	I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains.— <i>Ps. 121, 1, R.V.</i>
3	M	Let me see that goodly mountain.— <i>Deut. 3, 25.</i> “If any one at Groote Schuur sat with his back to Table Mountain, Mr. Rhodes would turn the visitor's chair with the remark, ‘See what you are losing!’”— <i>Sir T. E. Fuller's Monograph on the Right Hon. Cecil John Rhodes.</i>
4	TU	A mountain of God is the mountain of Bashan.— <i>Ps. 68, 15, R.V.</i>
5	W	The heights of the mountains are His.— <i>Ps. 95, 4, R.V.</i>
6	TH	He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke.— <i>Ps. 104, 32, R.V.</i>
7	F	Who hath weighed the mountains in scales?— <i>Is. 40, 12.</i>
8	S	Jesus went up into the mountain apart to pray.— <i>Matt. 14, 23, R.V.</i>
9	S	The Angels hastened Lot.— <i>Gen. 19, 16, 17, R.V.</i>
10	M	But he lingered. “Before starting south, after our discovery of the North Pole, I told my five companions that the homeward journey was to be ‘big travel,’ and ‘small sleep,’ and hustle every minute. Tired as we were, we must reach land before the next full moon with its spring-tides would rift the ice.”— <i>Commander Peary.</i>
11		
	TU	And the Angels laid hold upon his hand.
12	W	Escape for thy life; look not behind thee.
13	TH	Knowing the season.— <i>Rom. 13, 11, R.V.</i> (That is, how critical the times are.)
14	F	It is high time for you to awake out of sleep;
15	S	For now is salvation nearer to us than when we first believed.
16	S	The labourers are few.— <i>Luke 10, 2.</i>
17	M	Go, work.— <i>Matt. 21, 28.</i> “Every day is a vat into which a great deal may be poured if one will only fill it up.”— <i>Goethe.</i>
18	TU	Are there not twelve hours in the day?— <i>John 11, 9.</i>
19	W	One day is with the Lord as a thousand years.— <i>2 Pet. 3, 8.</i>
20	TH	Jesus answered, My Father worketh even until now.— <i>John 5, 17.</i>
21	F	Persis laboured much.— <i>Rom. 16, 12.</i>
22	S	We are labourers together with God.— <i>1 Cor. 3, 9.</i>
23	S	Who hath made man's mouth? Have not I the Lord?— <i>Ex. 4, 11.</i>
24	M	Joyful lips.— <i>Ps. 63, 5.</i> “The mouth, perhaps more than any other part of the face, is indicative of refinement or the reverse.”— <i>S. J. Solomon, R.A.</i>
25	TU	And lo! in the dove's mouth was an olive leaf pluckt off.— <i>Gen. 8, 11.</i>
26	W	A fool's mouth.— <i>Prov. 18, 7.</i>
27	TH	The froward mouth do I hate.— <i>Prov. 8, 13.</i>
28	F	Against whom make ye a wide mouth?— <i>Is. 57, 4.</i>
29	S	I will keep my mouth with a bridle.— <i>Ps. 39, 1.</i>
30	S	One of the Seraphim touched my mouth with a live coal.— <i>Is. 6, 7.</i>
31	M	Out of the mouth of babes Thou hast perfected praise.— <i>Matt. 21, 16.</i> In Browning's <i>The Ring and the Book</i> Doctor Arcangeli makes his child's cleverness one Reason the more that we strain every nerve To do him justice, mould a model-mouth.

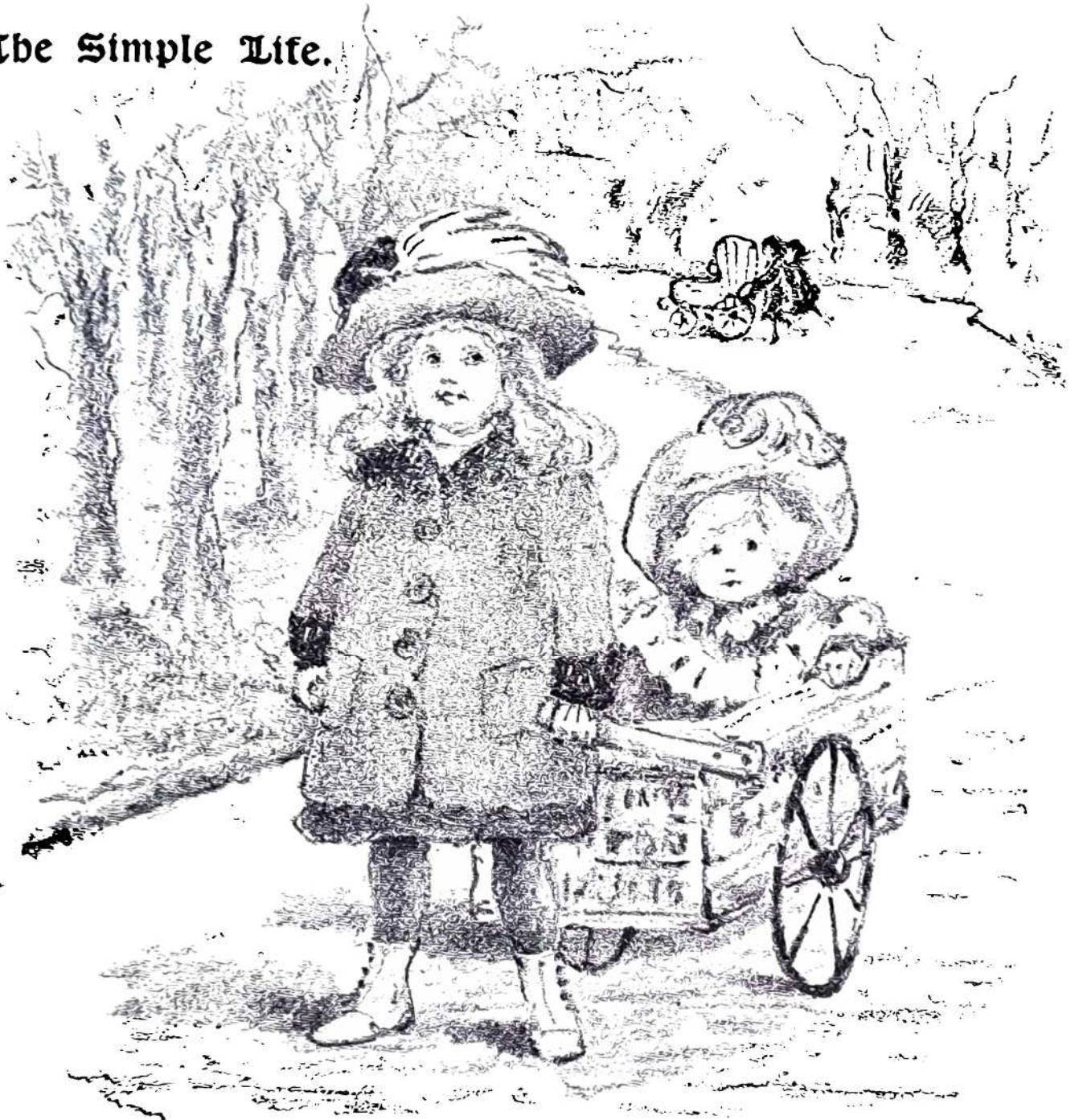
# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 11.

## The Simple Life.



*This is the Honourable Joscelind Edgeley, who, in the temporary absence of the two French Maids, has persuaded Rose Ann Potter to give her this Soap-box in exchange for a silver sixpence and a twenty-guinea Perambulator. For the first time in their lives she and her little brother Marmaduke, 17th Baron Edgeley, are supremely happy.*

The MORNING WATCH Volume for 1910 will be ready on the 25th November. Price, One Shilling.

*Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.*

*Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., and XXII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.*

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*I will bring the blind by a way that they know not.—Is. 42, 16. R.V.*

**S**IR WILLIAM RAMSAY, K.C.B., the Chemist, the President-Elect of next year's meeting of the British Association, says in his Book of Essays, that there are two kinds of fishers; those who fish for sprats, and those who angle for salmon. The fishers for sprats are sure of a large catch, or at least of catching something, but the fish are small. But the salmon-fisher, he says, is by no means sure that a fish is within reach of his cast, nor, if he is, whether he will rise to the fly. But, he adds, if he succeeds, his prize is a great one.

In 1498, Vasco da Gama, the greatest of Portuguese navigators, found his way, first of all Europeans that we know of, round the Cape of Good Hope to India. To that land the King of Portugal immediately afterwards sent a squadron of thirteen ships to establish settlements. Cabral, their commander, sailed from Lisbon on the 9th March, 1500. To avoid being becalmed off the coast of Africa, he set his course westerly, but going too far

westerly, fell into a current which carried him to South America, and so he discovered Brazil! On his way to catch one salmon, before he knew it he had caught another.

That is a thing that has often happened to great explorers and discoverers, and it is true of all men who in anyway seek to find out God and the deep things of God. They seek, and they find; finding sometimes what they seek, finding oftener something greater, something better. God loves to surprise us, for He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.

In the race for the East Indies, and all that that implies, the Portuguese got the start. For a time, at the beginning of the 16th century, their country was one of the most powerful in Europe. But its government fell into the hands of the Jesuits and the Roman Catholic Inquisition—and who can describe the sin and cruelty *these* words imply?—and the glory of Portugal quickly withered away.

A few months ago it looked as if the Royal Family of Britain would gladly make another shameful alliance such as it made with Spain when the Princess Ena, having first abjured and cursed the Protestant faith, wedded King Alfonso. Let us thank God that, for the present, that dream and that peril have come to an end. And let us ask Him to send out His light and His truth that they may lead Portugal and Spain too, and make them the Kingdoms of Immanuel the Prince of Peace.

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 112.)

24th  
Birth-  
day.

"Tuesday, April 20, 1741. This day I am twenty-four years of age. How poorly have I answered the vows I made this time twelvemonth to be wholly the Lord's . . . . This has been a sweet, a happy day to me. I think my soul was never so drawn out in intercession for others, as it has been this night. Had a most fervent wrestle with the Lord for my enemies. I hardly ever so longed to live to God. I wanted to wear out my life in His service and for His glory."—*Diary of David Brainerd the Missionary.*

"16th July, 1831. Forgot my birthday, which I intended to spend in fasting." So writes in his Diary Mr. Albert Hopkins, born 14th July, 1807, died 1872, Professor of Mathematics in Williams University, U.S.A. When he was a very little child, he was one day missed, but was found by his mother half-a-mile from home. When asked what he was doing there, he said, "I was looking at the great trees." For a story about a whipping which was the making of him, see *The Morning Watch*, December, 1908, page 142.

On the 4th of May, 1820, his 24th birthday, Mr. W. H. Prescott the American historian, author of the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, *The Conquest of Peru*, etc., was married to a Miss Susan Amory. When his bachelor friends joked at him as a deserter from their ranks, he shook his finger at them, and playing merrily with his lady's name, quoted a well-known line from Virgil :

Omnia vincit *Amor*, nos et cedāmus Amōri,

"Love conquers all things, let us too yield to love." Long afterwards he said, "Contrary to the assertion of La Bruyère (a French scholar and moralist, 1645-1696), who somewhere says that the most fortunate husband finds reason to regret his condition at least once in twenty-four hours, I may truly say that I have found no such day in the quarter of a century that Providence has spared us to each other."

When Prescott was a lad of sixteen at Harvard University, his left eye was destroyed by a blow from a hard piece of bread thrown at random by a fellow student in the dining-hall. His life from that day onwards was a brave battle. His right eye was so weak that, when he worked at his books, he had to sit in a room shaded with green screens and blue muslin which had to be readjusted almost with every cloud that passed across the sky. Towards the end of his life he could use his eye for only one hour a day. It seems almost incredible, and yet it is true, that the student who caused all this suffering and loss, was never known even once to express regret for what he had done.

25th  
Birth-  
day.

"Twenty-five is the limit of youth."—*R. L. Stevenson.*

Antony Ashley-Cooper, the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, the philanthropist, 1801-1885, wrote in his diary, on the 28th April, 1826: "My birthday, and now I am twenty-five years old—a great age for one who is neither wise, nor good, nor useful, nor endowed with capability of becoming so. People would answer me, 'Why, you have not lost your time; you have always been engaged;' quite true, but always upon trifles. . . . What might have been performed in the three years since I left Oxford? but not a study commenced, not an object pursued, not a good deed done, not a good thought generated; for my thoughts are too unsteady for the honour of that title. No man had ever more ambition, and probably my seeming earnestness for great and good purposes was merely a proof of hotter ambition and deeper self-deception than exists in others. . . . Latterly I have taken to hard study, and generally speaking I have stilled the passions. An attachment during my residence at Vienna commenced a course of self-knowledge for me. Man never has loved more furiously or more imprudently. The object was, and is, an angel, but she was surrounded by, and would have brought with her, a halo of hell."

From that time he began to pray that God would give him a good wife—only he should have begun long before he was twenty-five—and God gave him, in 1830, one in the person of Emily, daughter of the fifth Earl of Cowper, who for forty-three years proved—to quote his characteristically vehement language—"a wife as good, as true, and as deeply beloved, as God ever gave to man."

Some of you may know that it was his nurse, Maria Millis, who taught Lord Shaftesbury to pray. When she died she left him her watch, and until the day of his death he never wore any other. He liked to show it to people, and would say, "That was given to me by the best friend I ever had in the world."

W. H. Brookfield, one of Tennyson's great friends, writing to Mr. James Spedding, the editor of Bacon's Works, on the 31st August, 1834, says: "Thy servant is this day one-score-and-five years old, but if I ask myself what I am good for, 'tis  $x$ , an unknown quantity; if what I am likely to do beyond going to and fro, the answer is still less distinct. Write my dear friend to a conscious bankrupt, and pay me that thou owest, for thy love is worth a million."

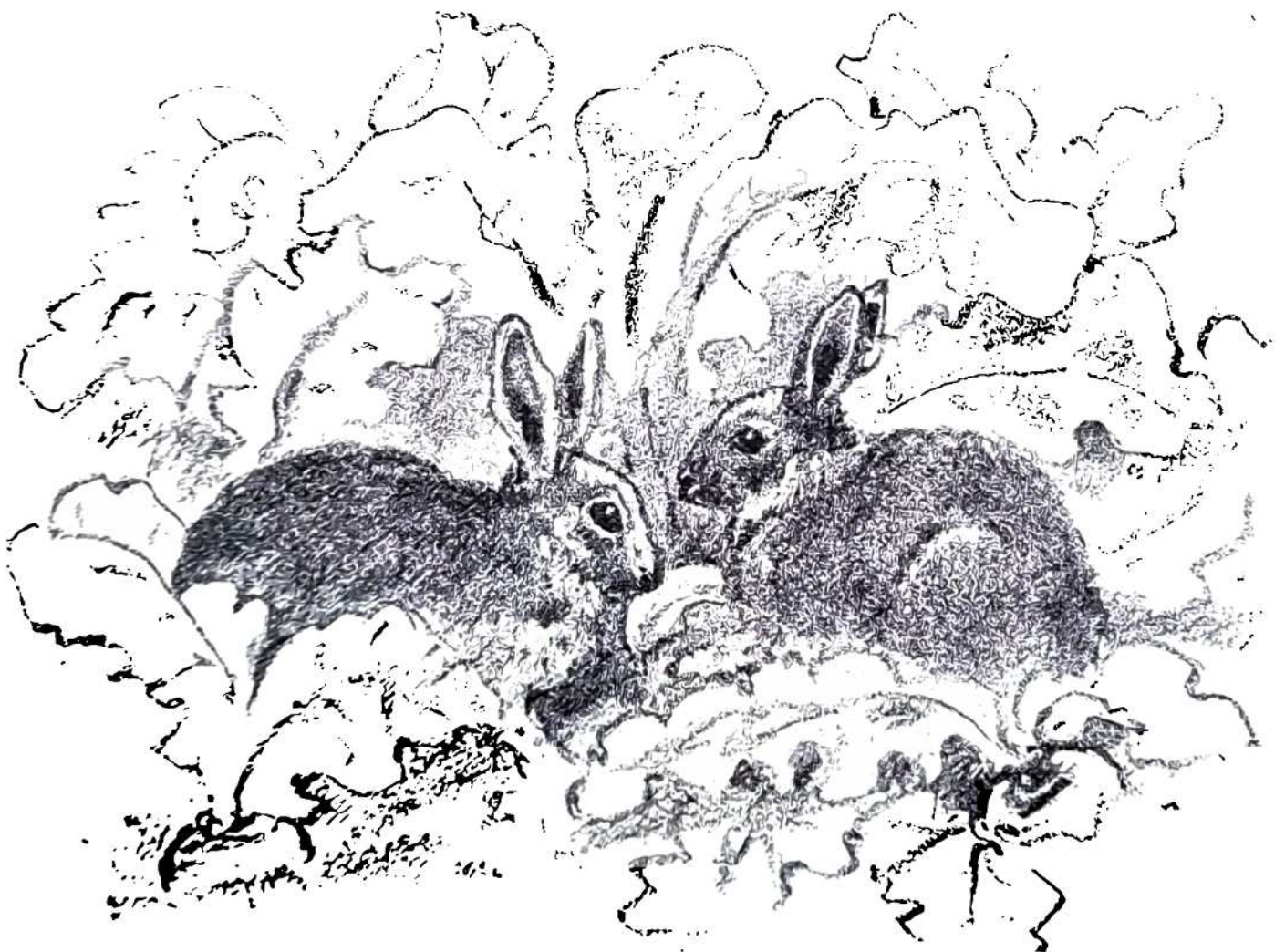
"Mackay of Uganda," the Missionary, on October 13, 1874, wrote as follows: "Twenty-five years old this day. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for all His goodness. 'Man is immortal till his work is done.' Use me in Thy service alone, Blessed Saviour. Das Evangelium muss zuvor gepredigt werden unter allen Völkern, the Gospel must first be preached among all nations." "October 14.—Self-examination. Why is a missionary's life so often an object of my thoughts? Is it simply for the love I bear to souls? Then why do I not show it more where I am?"

25th  
Birth-  
day.

Mr. Henry Sidgwick, a distinguished Cambridge scholar, writing to his mother on his twenty-fifth birthday, 31st May, 1863, says :—" Many thanks for your letter and gift. I have now passed what is said to be the dangerous age as regards imprudent marriages. I certainly do not feel as if I had outgrown the rashness of youth in other respects." A few years afterwards he married one of Mr. A. J. Balfour's sisters.

Mr. Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford, wrote thus on February 15, 1887, to Miss Margot Tennant, who was married seven years afterwards to Mr. Asquith, now Prime Minister: "I am delighted to hear that you have such intense enjoyment of life. Rejoice, O young lady, in thy youth, but know—I shan't finish the sentence, for I do not think it is appropriate—nor shall I moralise about your birthday, but only wish you joy of it, if indeed anyone can rejoice at getting older. Twenty-five years is a solemn age for a young lady, is it not? Most young ladies begin to sing, 'Ah me! when shall I marry me?' But I know that you are fancy free and despise these minor affairs."

The unfinished sentence is from Eccl. 11, 9: "But know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."



### *Pelōni Almōni.*

**P**ELŌNI ALMŌNI is the name of a young Robin, and this is how he got it.

This last summer there was another Robin that came to our window now and again at breakfast time and made its way to our table. There it would dance about, for a minute or two, and then, having made a sudden dab at the salt butter, would dart out of the window, only to be back in a little for another sweet, or rather another salt, morsel. This, however, one could not help noticing and approving; unlike rabbits which never finish any turnip they begin to, but go from one to another, taking a bit out of each, the Robin always attacked the same little pat.

It was an object of much interest to any guests we had, and specially to some friends from America. One of these was so delighted with our little visitor that I introduced him formally to it in these words:

"Master Cock Robin, allow me to introduce to you Dr. McFeeters, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A." Whereupon Dr. McFeeters with a kindly ceremonious bow and a delightful Amurrican accent which I wish I could reproduce in type, replied, "I am very pleased to make your acquaintance, sir!"

Unhappily, a few days afterwards, it paid us its last visit. Like Noah's dove it returned not again unto us any more. Why, I do not know. Perhaps some evil beast devoured it. Perhaps it has gone to some winter resort. Perhaps it has found

an open window elsewhere and a host whose margarine it prefers to ours. Or, perhaps, and still more probably, it has retired from business—at least in our neighbourhood—and has transferred us, as doctors do with their patients and clients, to its successor. For, sure enough, another Robin, a bird of this year, in good liking, well favoured and fat fleshed, has begun to call on us. It paid its first visit on a Sabbath morning, and in this wise. My Hebrew Dictionary was lying open on a table near the window—I don't say, however, one would always find it there!—and there was Master Robin standing on the open page. When it flew away, I went to see what word it had been looking at, and strangely enough, there was the mark of one of its little feet at the word *Almōni*!

Now that word is a very curious one; for it means *unnamed*, and it always goes, they say, with another word—*Peloni*—which means *a certain one*. *Peloni Almōni* is the way a Hebrew addressed a man whose name he either did not know or did not wish to give, just as we would say to a stranger, *Hi! you there!* or *I say, Mister!* It is the phrase which is translated in Ruth 4, 1, *Ho, such a one!* You remember who it was to whom Boaz said it. It was the man who was so anxious to preserve his own name lest he should mar his own inheritance, that he refused to marry Ruth, the woman whom God had chosen to be the ancestress according to the flesh of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And after all, his

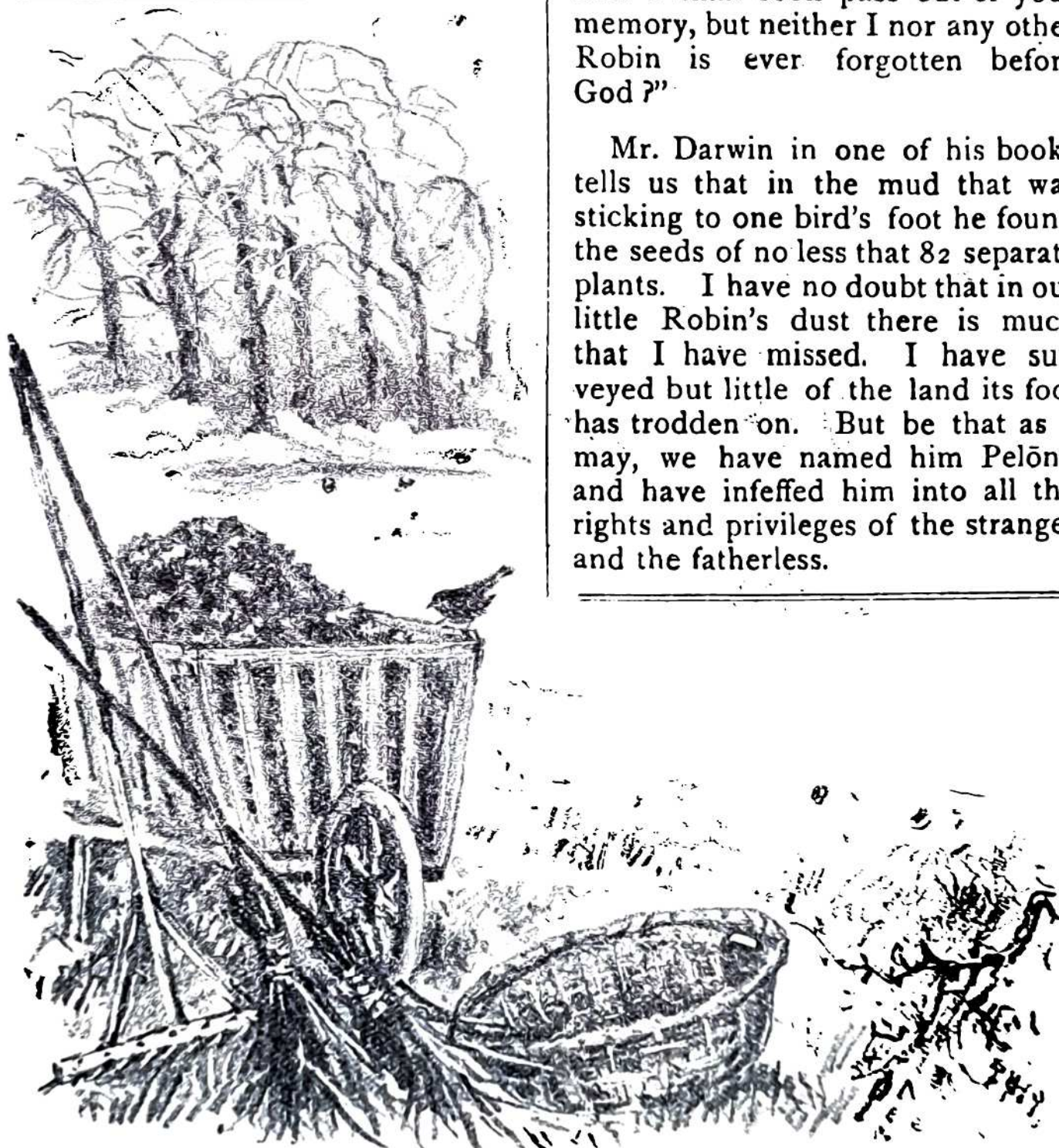


name and fame are perished utterly.

Why did the Robin take his stand at that word *Almōni*? Was it only a chance, as the Philistines would have said, that happened to us? Or did it mean to shake the dust off its feet for a testimony against Ruth's cruel nearest kinsman? Or did it

wish us to understand that it had found rest for the sole of its foot and had come to stay? and that—though this would imply that it knew two languages—it claimed board and *alimony* at our hands? Or did it mean to say, "To you I am only a little stranger, you know neither my name nor history, and at best I shall soon pass out of your memory, but neither I nor any other Robin is ever forgotten before God?"

Mr. Darwin in one of his books tells us that in the mud that was sticking to one bird's foot he found the seeds of no less than 82 separate plants. I have no doubt that in our little Robin's dust there is much that I have missed. I have surveyed but little of the land its foot has trodden on. But be that as it may, we have named him *Pelōni*, and have infeffed him into all the rights and privileges of the stranger and the fatherless.



## Sobog=emek=waktbla=mok=emink=antantblama.

THE biggest word in Butters' Spelling Book—a book much used in schools two generations ago—was In-com-men-sur-a-bil-it-y. So divided into syllables it stood at the foot of a long row, projecting beyond all its fellows, and we gazed at it with awe and admiration, for like all the greatest things it had a charming ease and simplicity about it. It is by no means one of the commonest or most indispensable of words, indeed I have never heard it used even once, but it was a joy to know that this hugest of all monsters was as easy to get on with as a little lamb, and that no matter at what hour of the day or night it might spring into one's path, there was no need for fear.

With its eight syllables and eighteen letters it compares badly in size, however, with the word at the head of this column with its fourteen syllables and six-and-thirty letters.

Now, what does this huge son of Anak mean? It is a word taken, says Mr Darlow in *The Book Above Every Book*, from the speech of an Indian tribe in Paraguay,\* and it means literally, "Finished my hands; pass to my other foot, three." Can you guess?

Teachers say that while children find it hard to draw several of the figures, such as 3, 5, 6, 7, the right

way, 8 is the one they are longest in learning to do properly. Eight has had its difficulties for many a scholar more ways than one. "8 times 8 and 7 times 7 is what nature itself can't endure," says in her Diary poor little Pet Marjorie, the six-year-old friend of Sir Walter Scott. You know the old rhyme:

" Multiplication is vexation,  
Division's twice as bad,  
The Rule of Three perplexes me,  
But Fractions drive me mad."

How much harder our sums would have been if, instead of working with Arabic figures like 8, we had had always to do with Roman numerals like VIII! Yet these Roman symbols were those which God Himself first taught men. V, five, is the shape made by the hand when the four fingers stand to one side and the thumb to the other, so that literally our knowledge of counting was laid to our hand and lay, as it were, at our finger tips. X, ten, is one V on the top of another. XVIII, eighteen, means the 5 fingers of one hand, the five of the other, then the 5 toes of one foot, and then pass to the other foot and take 3, and that is what that enormous word dwindles down to; it means XVIII! It is like the fierce knight one reads of in Tennyson's *Gareth and Lynette*:

A huge man-beast of boundless savagery,  
He names himself the Night and oftener  
Death,  
And wears a helmet mounted with a  
skull,  
And bears a skeleton figured on his arms,

\* Mark's Gospel is the only part of the Bible, as yet, that has been translated into their tongue.

a very horror to behold, yet when young Gareth, who knew but one rule in battle—

To dash against mine enemy and to win,

dashed against this one, and split the helmet with a stroke, there appeared from underneath it the bright face of a blooming boy! It was no fierce knight after all, but only a fair young lad whom his three bad brothers had compelled to dress himself in fearful guise, "and make a horror all about the house," to frighten anyone from coming to the rescue of the imprisoned Lady Lyonors.

But I think we should thank God not only for teaching us to count, but for helping men to invent simple words, and how to join them, and how to write them easily, so that instead of saying *Sohog*—etc., etc., etc., we say *eighteen*, and instead of an *X* and a *V* and a *I* and a *I* and a *I*, we write *181*. If one's language were all built up on the same scale as that one Indian word, we should be like unhappy travellers with no handbags, whose smallest package

could only be an enormous Saratoga trunk!

How many passages in the Bible can you remember with the word *eighteen* in them? I shall mention only three, and all of them are pathetic.

1. The two pillars of brass that stood in the porch of Solomon's temple, Jachin and Boaz, that were made by a widow's son of the tribe of Naphtali, each of them 18 cubits high, described so often and so lovingly—these two pillars did the Chaldees break in pieces and carried the brass of them to Babylon, when Israel forsook the Lord.

2. The woman with the bent back, whom Satan bound, "lo, these eighteen years," yet neither Satan's fury, nor the coldness of her fellow-worshippers, no, nor her own pain, could keep her from the House of God on the Sabbath day.

And 3. You know those touching words of our Lord's—"Those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell." *Those eighteen*—as if He saw them every one.

## Reasons for not going to Church. 12th Series.—No. 11.

*This old lady loves to take her visitors to the roof of her house to show them the view. But she does not go to church because the short cut to it lies for part of the way through a very narrow, disagreeable, dark lane. The road to it by the Drive along the sea-front is one of the finest in Britain, but it is 300 yards longer, "and, remember, I am not as young or as active as I once was!"*



1	TU	I am doing a great work. Why should the work cease whilst I leave it? <i>Neh. 6, 3.</i> Mr. Whistler the painter, finding a student smoking at his easel one day, said to him, "You had better stop painting, or otherwise you might get interested in your work, and then your pipe would go out."
2	W	I buffet my body and bring it into bondage.— <i>1 Cor. 9, 17, R. V.</i>
3	TH	Mortify your members which are upon the earth.— <i>Col. 3, 5.</i>
4	F	A perfect man, able to bridle the whole body.— <i>Jas. 3, 2.</i>
5	S	Put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite.— <i>Prov. 23, 2.</i>
6	S	The Almighty shall be thy treasure.— <i>Job 22, 25 R. V.</i>
7	M	Those that seek Me early shall find Me.— <i>Prov. 8, 17.</i>
8	TU	The sons of this world are wiser than the sons of the light.— <i>Luke 16, 8.</i>
9	W	If thou seekest wisdom as silver.— <i>Prov. 2, 4.</i> "The miners were anxious to make the most of every moment. The time lost in building a house put one far in the rear. They mined what was there and moved on. The temptation to mine was too strong to be resisted for the sake of a little more present comfort."— <i>Precious Metals as a Geographic Factor in the United States: G. D. Hubbard.</i>
10	TH	Let us lay aside every weight.— <i>Heb. 12, 1.</i>
11	F	Forgetting those things that are behind.— <i>Phil. 3, 13.</i>
12	S	The unsearchable riches of Christ.— <i>Eph. 3, 8.</i>
13	S	Neither be ye of doubtful mind.— <i>Luke 12, 29.</i>
14	M	How long halt ye between two opinions?— <i>1 Kings 18, 21.</i>
15	TU	They answered Jesus that they could not tell.— <i>Luke 20, 7.</i> "Mr. John Goldingham wrote on the minutes that were laid before him this opinion: 'I lean to inaction.'"— <i>Memories of India by Sir A. J. Arbuthnot, K.C.S.I.</i>
16	W	Felix was terrified . . . Go thy way for this time.— <i>Act 24, 25, R. V.</i>
17	TH	Ye believed not John: but the publicans believed him:
18	F	And ye, when ye had seen it, repented not afterwards.— <i>Matt. 21, 32.</i>
19	S	Jesus said, Would ye also go away?— <i>John 6, 67, R. V.</i>
20	S	Your agreement with hell shali not stand.— <i>Is. 28, 18.</i>
21	M	Be not entangled in a yoke of bondage.— <i>Gal. 5, 1.</i> "He has mounted a tiger and cannot get down."— <i>Chinese Proverb.</i>
22	TU	Balak's anger was kindled against Balaam.— <i>Num. 24, 10.</i>
23	W	The sons of Zeruiah be too hard for me.— <i>2 Sam. 3, 39.</i>
24	TH	Herod and Pilate became friends that very day.— <i>Luke 23, 12.</i>
25	F	If thou let this Man go thou art not Cæsar's friend.— <i>John 19, 12.</i>
26	S	Judas said, I have sinned. They said, What is that to us?— <i>Matt. 27, 4.</i>
27	S	Thy prayers and thine alms are gone up for a memorial before God.— <i>Acts 10, 4, R. V.</i>
28	M	Epaphras . . . saluteth you, always striving for you in his prayers.— <i>Col. 4, 12, R. V.</i>
29	TU	Simon said, Pray ye to the Lord for me.— <i>Act 8, 24.</i> "I will not answer a lithographed request for a testimonial."— <i>Sir James Paget, Bart., the great Surgeon.</i>
30	W	Thou hast striven with God and with men, and hast prevailed.— <i>Gen. 32, 28, R. V.</i>

December, 1910.

One Halfpenny

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIV.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 12.



“Oh no! We don't mind the rain.”

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH" for 1910, Vol. XXIII. Price, One Shilling.

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## Thy Burden.

*Blessed be the Lord, Who daily beareth our burden. Ps. 68, 19. R.V.*

LAST month I told you about a bird that is mentioned in one of Mr. Darwin's books. It was a red-legged partridge, one of whose legs was sent to him by a Professor Newton. The bird had been wounded and could not fly, and it had a ball of earth, which weighed about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  ounces, sticking to its leg. A ball of that weight would be about the size of a smallish apple. The earth had been kept for three years, but when it was broken, watered, and placed under a bell glass, no less than 82 plants sprang from it.

Little did that poor wounded bird think that, in that heavy weight which did so closely cling to it, it was carrying a burden of the word of the Lord for the greatest men of science in our land, and its own passport to fame as well, or at least to such fame as a dead bird may have.

Aaron and his sons, says God in the Book of Numbers, when speaking about his brethren the sons of

Kohath, shall appoint every one to his service and to his burden.

There are some burdens that are laid on us against our wills, and they are not joyous but grievous; nevertheless, afterwards they yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them that have been exercised thereby.

But there are other burdens, services, which we must take upon ourselves of our own accord.

Let me commend to you who are young very specially the burden of prayer. This is always a solemn time of the year, but this month is likely to be even more solemn than is wont. We shall see our countrymen fighting with each other, and there will be godly men on both sides, all of them fighting alongside of others who neither fear God nor regard man. Be you earnest, and be you constant at the throne of grace, pleading with the Most High that out of all this folly, and madness, and confusion, He may bring honour, and glory, and joy, to His Only Begotten and Well Beloved Son, Whose one wish is not only our country's but the whole world's salvation.



## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 125.)

26th  
Birth-  
day.

From the Diary of the Rev. Philip Henry, 1631-1696, father of Matthew Henry the Commentator: "Aug. 24, 1657. This day completes my age of 26 years. I have been so long in the world, and yet how little I can show of service done for God. O what cause have I to be ashamed! Note.—The Scriptures mention but two that I know of that observed their birthday with feasting, and they were both wicked men, Pharaoh and Herod. I do not so observe it, but rather as a day of mourning."

"David asked me lately to come and see his mother. 'Come this time,' he urged, 'for it is her birthday, and she is twenty-six,' which is so great an age to David that I think he fears she cannot last much longer. . . . So Mary is twenty-six! I say, David, she is getting on. . . . O you mysterious girls, when you are fifty-two we shall find you out; you must come into the open then. If the mouth has fallen sourly, yours the blame: all the meannesses your youth concealed have been gathering in your face. But pretty thoughts and sweet ways and dear forgotten kindnesses linger there also, to bloom in your twilight like evening primroses."—*Mr Barrie's Little White Bird.*

To Miss Dorothea Beale, afterwards Principal of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, but at that time a sorely tried schoolmistress at Casterton in Westmoreland, her father wrote on March 21, 1857, her 26th birthday: "God bless you and give you many happy birthdays I fear the present is not one of the most agreeable; it is spent at least in the path of what you considered duty, and so will never be looked back upon but with pleasure."

On May 4, 1851, Thomas Huxley wrote to Miss Heathorn, who lived at Sydney, the lady to whom he had become engaged while surgeon of the *Rattlesnake*: "I am twenty-six to-day. It is perfectly frightful to think how the time is slipping by, and yet seems to bring us no nearer. . . . What have I done with my twenty-sixth year? Six months were spent at sea, and may therefore be considered as so much lost; and six more I have had in England. That, I may say, has not been thrown away altogether without fruit. I have read a good deal, and I have written a good deal. I have made some valuable friends, and I have found my work more highly estimated than I had ventured to hope."

He was then a Fellow of the Royal Society. He had been engaged for three years. They were married in 1855. Speaking of his wife he said: "To me her love is the faith that moveth

27th  
Birth-  
day.

Writing to his mother, December 4, 1832, to thank her for some shirts and stockings and a kind little note she had sent him, Thomas Carlyle adds : "This is my birthday. I am now seven and twenty years of age. What an unprofitable lout I am ! What have I done in this world to make good my place in it, or reward those that had the trouble of my upbringing ? Great part of an ordinary lifetime is gone by, and here am I, poor trifler, still sojourning in Mesech, still dwelling among the tents of Kedar. May the great Father of all give me strength to do better in time remaining, to be of service in the good cause in my day and generation ; and, having finished the work which was given me to do, to lie down and sleep in peace and purity in the hope of a happy rising."

"Thursday Morning, 7th Feb., 1839. My dear Harley, This is my birthday. Many happy returns of the day to you and me. I took it into my head yesterday to get up an impromptu dinner on this auspicious occasion—only my own folks, Leigh Hunt, Ainsworth and Forster. Come and you will delight me greatly. . . . Twenty-seven years old. Who'd have thought it ? I *never* did ! But I grow sentimental. Always yours truly, Charles Dickens."

One day fifteen years or so ago, Mr Clement Shorter the critic tells us in his book, *Charlotte Bronte and her Circle*, Charlotte Bronte's husband, Mr Nicholls, turned out from the bottom of a desk a little tin box about two inches long—the kind of thing one might keep pins or beads in—and found in it four little pieces of paper neatly folded to the size of a sixpence. These papers, he says, were covered with handwriting, two of them by Emily, and two by Anne Bronte. They revealed a pleasant if eccentric arrangement on the part of the sisters, which appears to have been settled upon after they had passed their twentieth year. They had agreed to write a kind of reminiscence of the past and a forecast of the future, every four years, to be opened by Emily on her birthday. Here is part of what Emily wrote on July the 30th, 1841 : "It is Friday evening, near 9 o'clock—wild rainy weather. . . . This day four years I wonder whether we shall still be dragging on in our present condition or established to our hearts' content. Time will show. . . . I guess that at the time appointed for the opening of this paper we, Charlotte, Anne, and I, shall be all merrily seated in our own sitting-room in some pleasant and flourishing seminary. Our debts will be paid off, and we shall have cash in hand to a considerable amount. It will be a fine warm summer evening, very different from this bleak look out, and Anne and I will perchance slip out into the garden for a few minutes to peruse our papers. I hope either this or something better will be the case."

Four years afterwards, Thursday, July 30th, 1845, Emily writes : "My birthday—showery, breezy, cool. I am twenty-seven years old to-day. This morning Anne and I opened the papers we wrote four years since. This paper we intend, if all be well, to open on my

27th  
Birth-  
day.

thirtieth—three years hence in 1848. . . . Our school scheme has been abandoned. We had prospectuses printed, despatched letters to all acquaintances imparting our plans, and did our little all ; but it was found no go. Now I don't desire a school at all. We have cash enough for our present wants, with a prospect of accumulation. . . . I am quite contented for myself: not as idle as formerly, altogether as hearty ; . . . seldom or never troubled with nothing to do, and merely desiring that everybody could be as comfortable as myself and as undesponding, and then we should have a very tolerable world of it. . . . With best wishes for the whole house till 1848, July 30th, and as much longer as may be,—I conclude."

Fifty years were to elapse before these pieces of writing were to see the light. But we can in measure complete the story. In 1847 Emily published *Wuthering Heights*, a book which some great critics rate very high. But by the summer of 1848 she was a dying woman, and in the December of that year she passed away.

At the close of a year it is good for us all to review the past, and good for us to wonder where we shall be and what we shall be doing this time twelvemonths. I hope all of us are able, or at least desirous, to say, not only, "My times are in Thy hand," but "My life is hid with Christ in God."

28th

"June 27, 1814. Broke every good resolution made last birthday, but I here renew them all. I have gained in character but lost in capacity, I fear. I cannot bring myself to any serious study, and I begin to lose my taste for reading even those books which used before to interest me."—*From the Diary of John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton.*

### My Candle.

— • —

*Our lamps are going out.—Matt. 25, 8, R.V.*

*For Thou wilt light my candle.—Psalm 18, 28.*

I.

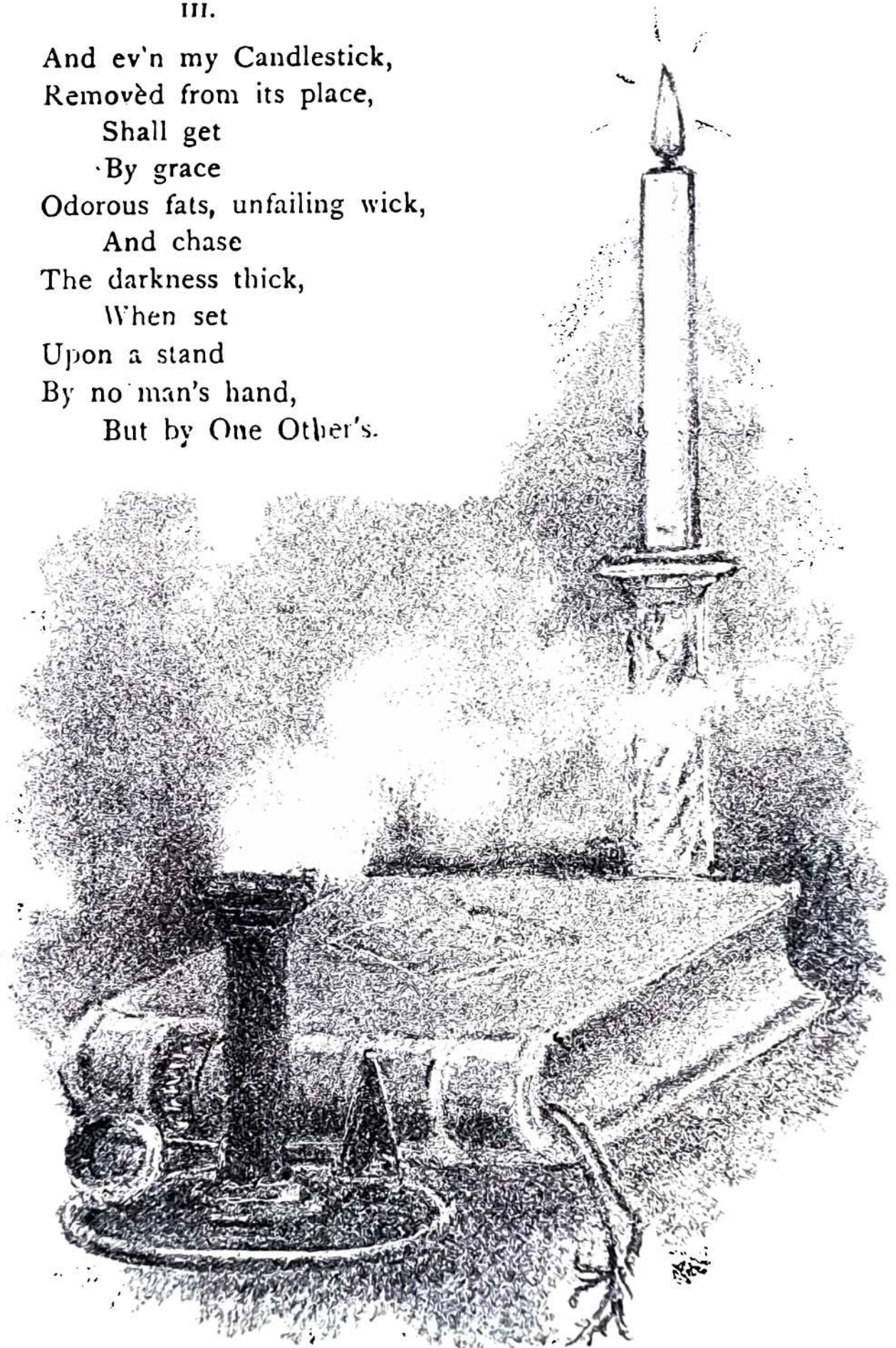
My Candle's spent !  
'Tis fit  
'That I be sad.  
Yet am I glad  
'That ere it went  
It lit  
Another's.

II.

And though men flee  
My noisome reek,  
I dare avow  
'That some will seek  
And all shall see  
The Flame that's now  
Some brother's.

## III.

And ev'n my Candlestick,  
Removèd from its place,  
Shall get  
By grace  
Odorous fats, unfailing wick,  
And chase  
The darkness thick,  
When set  
Upon a stand  
By no man's hand,  
But by One Other's.





Stoning Raisins.

*Nabal was churlish and evil in his doings.*  
1 Sam. 25, 3.

*Barnabas was a good man.* Acts 11, 24.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE conductors, or guards, on the tramway line in one of the outlying districts of one of our chief towns were, as a rule, civil kindly men. They had, like men in every other calling, their own special trials, and chiefly this one, that they were compelled by the rules of the Company that employed them to do things, daily and hourly, which, though strictly legal, were undoubtedly very unfair and very provoking to the passengers.

Some of the men were particularly cheery and obliging. To get a greeting from them in the morning was to be fortified for the day's work; to get one in the evening was to be comforted after the day's disappointments.

#### CHAPTER II.

There was one conductor, however, whom nobody liked, a surly, bitter, ill-conditioned man. He was never happier—if that word in any degree could be applied to him—than when he was *doing* people. How great and glorious a word *do* is! It is one of the finest in our language, one that sets us in heavenly places with Christ Jesus. Doesn't the evangelist Luke describe his gospel as the story of all that our Lord began *to do* and teach? and didn't Peter sum up His life in the phrase, "He went about doing good?" And yet we take that beautiful and wonderful word, and not only empty it of all its proper

contents but fill it with what is only mean and bad.

#### CHAPTER III.

There was a poor old man who lived near the end of the tramway line who tried to reason with this ill-natured man, and had once or twice occasion to rebuke him for unkindness to some of the many strangers that travelled by the car on holidays.

"You have a lot to try you, no doubt," he said to him, "folks are very thoughtless, and very unreasonable, and the inspectors are severe enough, but, man, you should remember that you are often the very first person here that strangers have dealings with, and you carry the honour not only of our town but of our country in your hand. And when people come here they come hoping and expecting to be happy, and a sharp word from any of us may put a bitter taste in their mouth for the whole day."

Whereupon the conductor told him to mind his own business—as if that wasn't just what he was doing!—"or else," he added, "I'll perhaps give *you* a bitter taste in *your* mouth that you won't get rid of for a week."

#### CHAPTER IV.

Some weeks after, on a Saturday afternoon, at a certain turn of the road, the old man came on a group of ten people, all English, two men with their wives, and their wives' mother—the wives were sisters—and five children, all very weary looking, evidently waiting for the car to take them to the railway

station. "If you join the car here," he said to them, "you will each have to pay a penny to the station, but if you hurry on to that next turn"—it was scarcely 100 yards off—"you'll get to the station for a ha'penny, and you'll be in time for the 6.20 train, and there's no other for an hour-and-a-half. But you'll need to hurry."

The strangers set off, but not at their best pace, for they were somewhat puzzled at first and taken aback, and seeing this the old man, who was following behind, made up his mind to stop the car.

It was a rule on that line that the driver or guard might stop anywhere to take a passenger up, but could only let one down at certain fixed stopping points.

It happened to be the surly guard who had charge of the car, and the moment the old man had taken his seat he came up and demanded his fare.

"A ha'penny, please."

"All right," said the guard, with a curious grin on his face, and adding, the very next moment as he handed him his ticket and the car began to slow down again, "this is your station. I suppose you thought you would do the Company, but I'll do you!"

"Oh, no!" said the old man, "I know what I am doing; this is all the distance I meant to go. I have paid a ha'penny in my day many a time and got less good of it." And so saying he stepped off the car, and then helped the old lady and her daughters and their children on to it, with a cheery

"You'll catch your train nicely" to the men. They, on their part, were highly amused at this incomprehensible proceeding, and concluding that the old man must be wrong in his mind, burst into a loud laugh.

"Bit of a crank, ain't he?" said one of them to the guard, and "A screw loose here!" pointing to his head, said the other.

"The most disagreeable old customer I know," said the guard, "not that he gives me much of his custom; but I did him that time, and he thought he was going to do me!"

"I see," said one of the men. "That explains it, for it struck me as an odd thing that a Scotchman should fling away a whole bawbee that way. Isn't *bawbee* the word? Won't he be feeling pretty sick over it by this time!"

#### CHAPTER V.

At the end of that run, as they were changing ends, the guard was crowing over his victory to the driver, and telling him how cleverly he had paid out that old fool for his recent impudence to him. "Oh but I did him beautifully, didn't I? I don't think he rode thirty yards, and I bundled him out pretty smart, I tell you."

"Perhaps it was the other way about. What if it was he that did you?"

"I don't see how that could be."

"You remember that game at draughts you and I played a month ago when you cleared almost all my men off the board at one blow?"

"Don't I? I've shown that move to a good many fellows since."

"You remember you made me take one of your men, and then you took five of mine, and three of them were crowned heads?"

"Exactly so; I lifted the whole five, and that finished the game."

"Well, if that old man hadn't hurried up all those Englishers when they were standing on the road—for I saw him do it—you would have charged them fivepence for that little bit of the road, and if he himself hadn't stopped the car and come on board himself after they had set off, we would have been at the stopping place before them, and you would have made it hot for me if I had waited for them. He just beat you as you beat me at the draughts; he gave you one man, but he took two, not to speak of three women and four girls and a boy! They were both clever moves. We've three minutes yet, and here's the foreman coming. I'll get out the draught-board and you'll show him how well you did me. I was telling him about it yesterday."

#### CHAPTER VI.

From that day a good many

people began to think they noticed a change in the ill-natured guard, and came to the conclusion that it was the good nature of the driver that was having its effect on him at last.

#### CHAPTER VII.

And in two months the quick-witted Englishmen saw their mistake too, and in this wise. "A truly thrifty man," one of them read in a book, "will not only walk a mile to save a penny for himself, but he will walk a mile to save a penny for another man."

"I say, Harry," he said to his brother-in-law, "you remember that old Scotty that flung away a whole ha'penny on a thirty yards' ride in the car, and we thought he had a screw loose? There ain't no screw loose about him. He's all there. I believe he stopped that car to get in, and stopped it to get out, and paid a ha'penny, to keep that rascal of a guard from taking ten ha'pence from us. You see the Scotch beat us at Bannockburn, and a victor can always well afford to be generous; ain't that so, Harry?"

### Reasons for not going to Church. 12th Series.—No. 12.

*This brother and sister intended to go to Church, but they quarrelled half-an-hour before the time about the shapes they saw in the clouds. He saw most distinctly the figure of a dog; she said there was no dog, but there was a rabbit—its ears were as plain as plain could be; and the contention waxed so hot, and they became so nasty and bitter, each calling the other "Blockhead!" "FOOL!" "IDIOT!" that she said she had no heart to go to Church, and he said it was too late now anyhow. And it was Wednesday before THAT cloud began to lift, and Saturday before it finally disappeared.*



1	TH	Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee.— <i>Ps. 76, 10.</i>
2	F	Ye meant evil against me; but God meant it for good.— <i>Gen. 50, 20, R. V.</i> “God can write straight on crooked lines.”— <i>Portuguese Proverb.</i>
3	S	Nebuchadnezzar wrought for Me, saith the Lord God.— <i>Ezek. 29, 20.</i>
4	S	I exhort that supplications be made for Kings
5	M	And all that are in high place.— <i>1 Tim. 2, 1.</i>
6	TU	The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord as the watercourses.— <i>Prov. 21, 1.</i> “One is often astonished at the whim of the stream in turning sharply to cut through a rocky crest, whereas it would seem much easier to flow along the valley.”— <i>Sven Hedin's Trans-Himalaya.</i>
7	W	I will put My hook in thy nose and turn thee back.— <i>Is. 37, 29.</i>
8	TH	Who hath hardened himself against Him, and prospered?— <i>Job 9, 4.</i>
9	F	Pharaoh said, Who is the Lord?— <i>Ex. 5, 2.</i>
10	S	I will get Me honour upon Pharaoh.— <i>Ex. 14, 4, R. V.</i>
11	S	Having a great Priest, let us draw near with a true heart.— <i>Heb. 10, 22, R. V.</i>
12	M	Perverse lips put far from thee.— <i>Prov. 4, 24-27, R. V.</i>
13	TU	Let thine eyes look right on. Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, Oxford, said of one of his pupils who afterwards became Prime Minister, “Yes, he will get on, he is so direct.”
14	W	And let thine eyelids look straight before thee.
15	TH	Make level the path of thy feet.
16	F	Turn not to the right hand nor to the left.
17	S	The Cherubim went every one straight forward.— <i>Ezek. 10, 22.</i>
18	S	All the children of Israel had light in their dwellings.— <i>Ex. 10, 23.</i>
19	M	My covenant of day and night.— <i>Jer. 33, 25, R. V.</i>
20	TU	He changeth the times and the seasons.— <i>Dan. 2, 21, 22.</i>
21	W	He knoweth what is in the darkness.
22	TH	And the light dwelleth with Him.
23	F	The sun is as a bridegroom.— <i>Ps. 19, 5.</i> “The days begin to lengthen. So may it be that each day of our lives henceforth may move longer and brighter—lengthening with an ever-increasing length for the work that lies before us.”— <i>Dean Stanley to Dr. John Brown, 1863.</i>
24	S	The Lord shall be thine everlasting light.— <i>Is. 60, 19.</i>
25	S	Master, carest Thou not that we perish?— <i>Mark 4, 38.</i>
26	M	The floods lift up their waves.— <i>Ps. 93, 3.</i>
27	TU	Men fainting for fear.— <i>Luke 21, 26.</i>
28	W	Let not your heart be troubled.— <i>John 14, 1.</i>
29	TH	Be still.— <i>Ps. 46, 10.</i> “From time to time I heard, as through a veil, the clear note of the clapper on the brass and the beautiful sea-cry, <i>All's well!</i> I know nothing, whether for poetry or music, that can surpass the effect of these two syllables in the darkness of a night at sea.”— <i>R. L. Stevenson's Essays of Travel.</i>
30	F	Look up, and lift up your heads; for
31	S	YOUR REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH.— <i>Luke 21, 28.</i>